

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1932.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF LONDON STATUES RETURNED TO THE "CENTRE OF THE WORLD": EROS HOLDS SWAY  
ONCE MORE OVER PICCADILLY CIRCUS—THE FIGURE AS SEEN AT NIGHT.

After six years of exile, the famous figure of Eros was quietly and without ceremony restored to its original position in Piccadilly Circus on the night of Sunday, December 27. In view of the great architectural changes in the Circus of late years, the pedestal has been re-designed and slightly heightened, with the approval of the sculptor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, in order to set off the winged figure to the best advantage. This much-discussed statue, a beautiful work cast in

aluminium, was first put up in Piccadilly Circus in 1893, as the culminating feature of a fountain to commemorate the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the celebrated philanthropist. The memorial was removed in 1925 to facilitate the rebuilding of the Underground railway station. The Eros of the sculptor's conception was not Cupid, as popularly known, but that older Eros who was the uniting power of Love, bringing harmony out of Chaos.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A NEWSPAPER appeared with the news, which it seemed to regard as exciting and even alarming news, that Gray did not write the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, but in some other country churchyard of the same sort in the same country. What effect the news will have on the particular type of American tourist who has chipped pieces off trees and tombstones, when he finds that the chips come from the wrong trees or the wrong tombstones, I do not feel impelled to enquire. Nor, indeed, do I know whether the new theory is proved or not. Nor do I care whether the new theory is proved or not. What is most certainly proved, if it needed any proving, is the complete lack of imagination, in many journalists and archaeologists, about how any poet writes any poem.

In such a controversy it is implied, generally on both sides, that what happens is something like this. The poet comes and sits on a tombstone, or wherever he was supposed to sit, in the one and only churchyard of Stoke Poges, or whatever place be the rival of Stoke Poges. He hears the Curfew; and there is a dreadful doubt and dispute about whether anybody sitting among the tombs of Stoke Poges can hear the Curfew, which does really ring from Windsor, though I imagine it sounds pretty much like any other bell at evening. Then the poet produces a portable pen and ink, preferably a large quill and a scroll (the poet in question lived before the time of fountain-pens), and writes down the first line: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Then he looks round to make quite sure that there are some lowing herds winding over that particular lea, that the ploughman is present and doing his duty in plodding homeward his weary way, and that all the other fittings are in the offing. Later, he will have to insist peremptorily on an ivy-mantled tower being in the immediate neighbourhood, inhabited by an (if possible) moping owl. It will not be the only owl involved in the business. If there are not all these correct conditions provided on the spot, he will not be able to write the Elegy. If, on the other hand, they are all there and everything has been properly provided, he will then write the whole of the Elegy, steadily, right through, and not roll up his scroll or rise from his tombstone until he has left the unfortunate young man in the poem finally safe in the bosom of his Father and his God. Then he will go home to tea; and I should imagine he would need it, after so prolonged and sustained a literary effort achieved in such damp and clammy conditions. That, with very little exaggeration, is what is really suggested by those who talk about Gray writing the poem in this place or that place, and under this or that condition of local colour.

Now, I should have thought that anybody would know that poetry is not written like that. But perhaps, in this case, even a bad poet is better than a good critic. Anybody who has ever written any verse, good, bad, or indifferent, will know that calculations of this sort are calculations about the incalculable. Gray might have written the poem, or any part of the poem, in any place on the map; he might have visited the New Stoke Poges or the Old Stoke Poges, or quite probably both, or possibly neither. But, if I may be allowed to pick out one thread of speculation from a thousand threads of possibility, I would suggest that the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," even if it did refer to one particular churchyard, is very likely to have been begun, continued, and ended rather like this:

Mr. Thomas Gray was sitting one evening in a coffee-house; let us hope a coffee-house that did not confine itself to coffee. Something or other, a fiddle or a few glasses of wine, or a good dinner, had thrown him into a mood of musing, of pleasant musing, though touched with a manly and generous melancholy. His thoughts turned round and round, as they do at such times, the tantalising old riddle of

what we really feel about life and death; about the toy God gave us which is beautiful and brittle, yet certainly not trivial. He said to himself: "After all, who doesn't really feel that it really matters, with all its botherations? . . . A queer business . . .

pleasing . . . anxious. . . ." Then something stirred quicker within him, and he said to himself, in warm poetic emotion—

"For who tytumpty tumpty tumpty tum,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned."

Then his impulse gathered speed and power; and he struck the table and said the next line straight off—

"Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day."

He said that line several times. He liked it very much. Then it was almost a matter of form, certainly a matter of facility, to put the tail on the verse—

"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

Then he got up and put on his hat. He left the warm precincts of the cheerful coffee-house, and went home and forgot all about it.

Some time afterwards, perhaps quite a long time afterwards, he was walking in the countryside at dusk. It is quite possible that he was walking in Stoke Poges, or through Stoke Poges, or through any number of other places in the neighbourhood. Perhaps he did hear the Curfew, or what he thought was the Curfew, or what he pretended was the Curfew. He made up another verse or two about the twilight landscape, full of the same spirit of stoical thankfulness and genial resignation. Then he noticed, with great joy, that they would work into the same metre as the lines he had made up in the coffee-house. They were very much in the same mood. But he did not write many of the verses in the churchyard. Possibly he did not write any of the verses in the churchyard. It is more likely that the third act has for its scene Mr. Gray's private study, lined with the classics in old leather bindings, and adorned with the celebrated cat and the bowl of goldfish. There he jotted down disjointed verses, and began to put them together; until it looked as if they might some day make a poem. But, subject to any information that may exist on the subject, it would not in the ordinary way surprise me to learn that it was a devil of a long time before they did make a poem. It is most likely, in the abstract, that he got sick of it halfway through, and chuckle it away, and found it again years afterwards. It is extremely likely that there was another very long interval, when he was just finishing it, but could not finish finishing it. Many a man writing such verses has held it up for a year for want of one verse. Nor would the newspaper assist him, in such a difficulty, by pointing out that there was another churchyard much more suitable than that of Stoke Poges.

Now, it is possible—nay, it is probable—that there is not one word of truth in this particular description of the proceedings of Mr. Gray. I have not read any of the literary and biographical records of Mr. Gray at least for a long time; and there are plenty of records to read. It is quite likely that there are details of his daily life that destroy altogether the details I have here suggested. It is even possible that, by some amazing eccentricity, he did write the whole thing in a churchyard; or, by some unscrupulous exaggeration, pretended that he had done so. But my story is a great deal nearer to the normal story of the production of a poem than any story that supposes particular places and conditions to be necessary to the poem. Even if Gray did write with all the stage properties stuck up around him, the lowing cow, the plodding ploughman, the moping owl, they were not the materials of the poem; and he would probably have written pretty much the same sort of poem without them. All this business of clues and tests is not criticism. It is a very good thing that people are applying literature to detective stories and detectives. But it is not a good thing to apply detectives to literature. Gray's unmistakable footprint or favourite tobacco-ash may be found in Stoke Poges or anywhere else. But it is not in those ashes that there lived his wonted fires.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "VIRGIN AND CHILD"—AN IVORY WHICH DATES FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In the second half of the thirteenth century we find a sudden revival of ivory-carving in France, where it became, for a hundred years or more, undoubtedly the most popular material for small figures. During this period carving in ivory seems to have been almost a French monopoly, and all the evidence points to Paris as the main centre of production: there objects for religious as well as for domestic use were turned out in vast numbers. Among the most typical, and certainly the most charming, productions of the period were the statuettes of the Virgin and Child, the finest of which represent, perhaps, the high-water mark of achievement of French ivory-carvers of the Gothic period. The statuettes were usually painted and gilded, and were frequently enriched with bases of gold and silver, enamelled and set with precious stones. The fine example shown here, which dates from the first half of the fourteenth century, was acquired in 1858 for £100. Unfortunately, few traces of colour are left, and the branch of lilies is missing from the Virgin's left hand. The exaggerated bend of the figure—due to the curve of the tusk (an exceptionally large one)—is characteristic of the ivory statuettes of the period. The height of the piece is 14 inches.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

## IN BANDIT-RIDDEN MANCHURIA: INCIDENTS OF THE JAPANESE OPERATIONS.



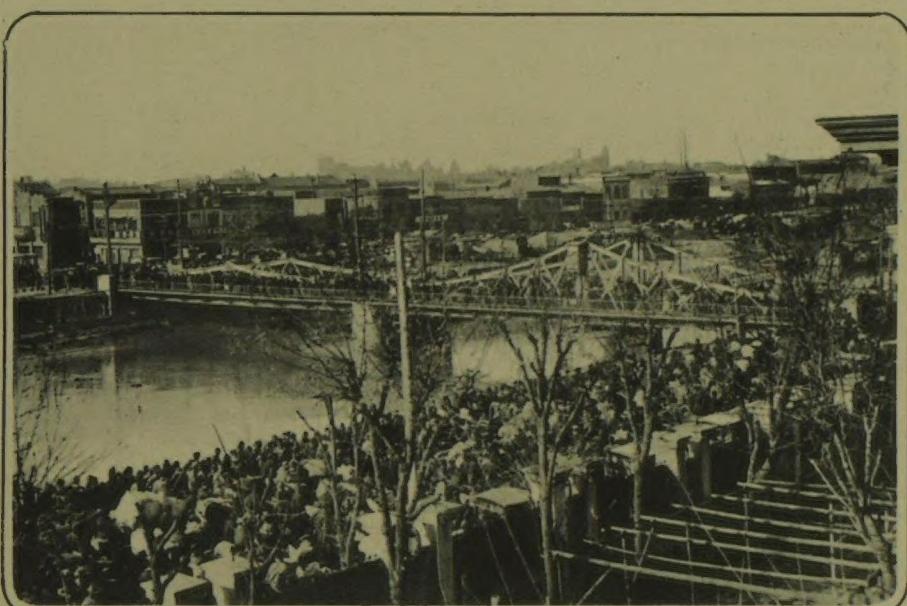
FOREIGN MILITARY OFFICERS IN MANCHURIA INSPECTING PLACES WHERE TROUBLE OCCURRED BETWEEN THE CHINESE AND JAPANESE: A GROUP AT MUKDEN, INCLUDING A BRITISH OFFICER (SIXTH FROM RIGHT, IN GLENGARRY CAP).



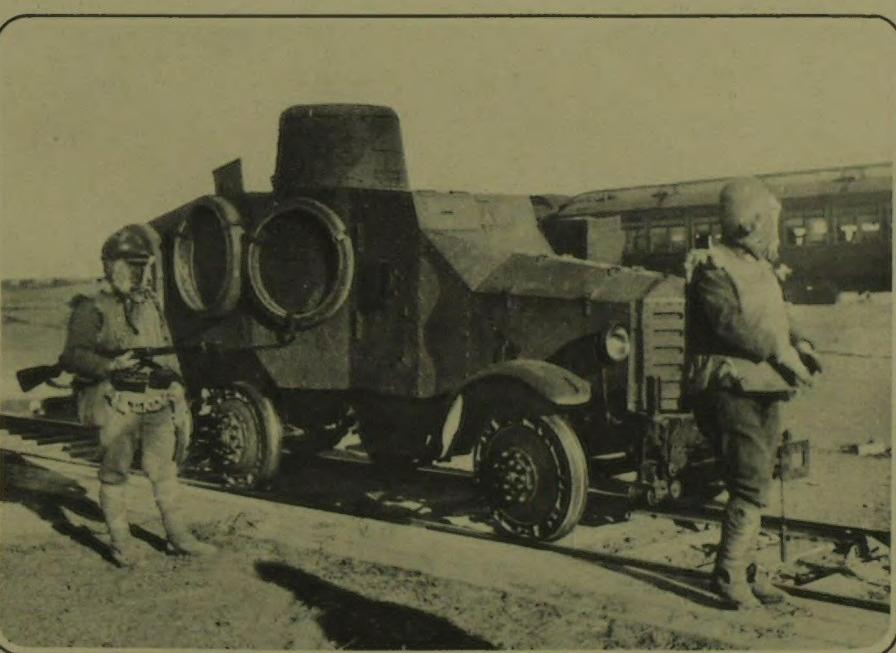
A JAPANESE MILITARY FUNERAL IN MANCHURIA: A PARTY OF SOLDIERS PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A FALLEN COMRADE, WHO HAD BEEN KILLED IN ACTION, BESIDE HIS GRAVE AT TSITSIAR.



THE ARREST OF A CHINESE "IRREGULAR," ALLEGED TO BELONG TO CHANG HSUEH-LIANG'S FORCES, CHARGED WITH COMMITTING OUTRAGES: A NON-UNIFORMED PRISONER (CENTRE) UNDER GUARD AT A RAILWAY STATION.



ALARM AMONG THE CHINESE POPULATION OF TIENSIN ON THE ARRIVAL OF A STRONG JAPANESE FORCE TO PROTECT JAPANESE RESIDENTS: CROWDS CROSSING A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER INTO THE FOREIGN CONCESSIONS.



"MECHANISED" WARFARE IN MANCHURIA: A JAPANESE ARMOURED CAR ON RAILS, PROMINENT IN THE FIGHTING AT ANGANCHI, ARRIVING AT TSITSIAR STATION AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF THAT CITY.

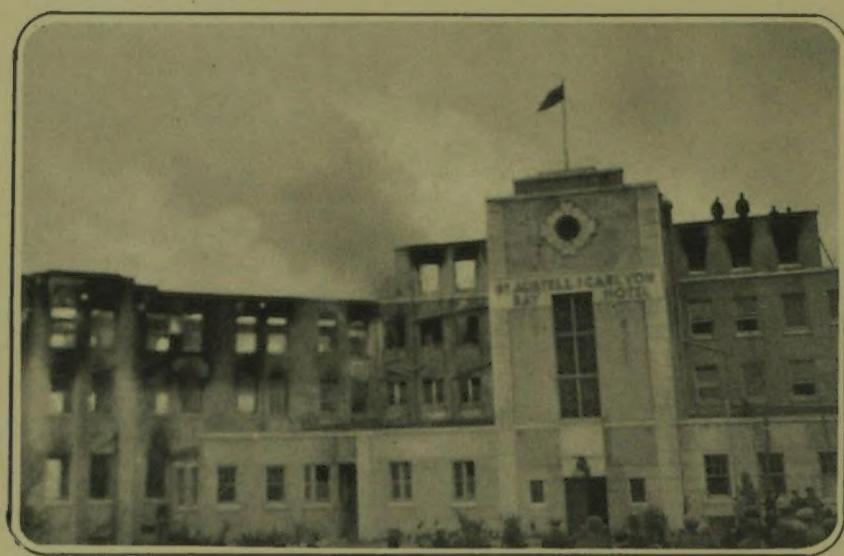


WAR-DOGS ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN MANCHURIA UNDER SEVERE CONDITIONS OF COLD (SOMETIMES 30 DEGREES BELOW ZERO): TWO OF THE ANIMALS IN CHARGE OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS AT A POINT ON THE PEKING-MUKDEN RAILWAY.

According to a recent message from Tokyo, the Emperor of Japan on December 27 sanctioned the despatch of more troops to Manchuria, to check the activities of large irregular Chinese forces. On the same day the Japanese Government, after handing to the British, French, and American Ambassadors replies to certain representations concerning Chinchow, issued a statement describing the conditions alleged to necessitate the impending operations. "The document states" (wrote the Tokyo correspondent of the "Times") "that the desertion of the Chinese local authorities left Japan with the duty of maintaining order over a wide area. She cannot leave the population a prey to anarchy. The statement goes on to claim that bandits in the Liao River area have increased from 1300 to 30,000

since November 1, and that raids during the last forty days have reached the surprising number of 1529. Evidence of prisoners and captured documents proves, according to the statement, that the bandits are supplied with munitions and directed from Chinchow. Japanese reconnaissances prove that they are preparing for war. These (the statement declares) are the circumstances in which Japan is beginning a general movement against bandits and their bases." On December 27 it was also reported that a large contingent of Japanese troops had arrived in Tientsin to protect the Japanese Concession and residents in northern China. The new Chinese Government at Nanking was said to have instructed Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang (ex-ruler of Manchuria) to defend Chinchow against Japanese attack.

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN THE ST. AUSTELL BAY HOTEL, CORNWALL, DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY: THE PARTIALLY-GUTTED BUILDING.

The St. Austell Bay Hotel, opened in April of 1930, was badly damaged by fire on the morning of December 27, and the hundred or so visitors who were spending their Christmas holidays there were compelled to escape in their night clothes. Apart from a maid, who injured her ankle in jumping out of a window, no one was hurt. The hotel is of steel and concrete construction. The fire was discovered shortly after 4.30 by the night watchman. Apparently, it had originated in the still-room through the fusing of electric wires, and the outbreak had already assumed serious proportions. By the time that all had been roused, the building was well alight, and smoke was pouring through the corridors. The fire brigades of St. Austell, Truro, Bodmin, and Fowey, which are all manned by volunteers, were soon on the spot, but they were handicapped by the shortage of water in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel.

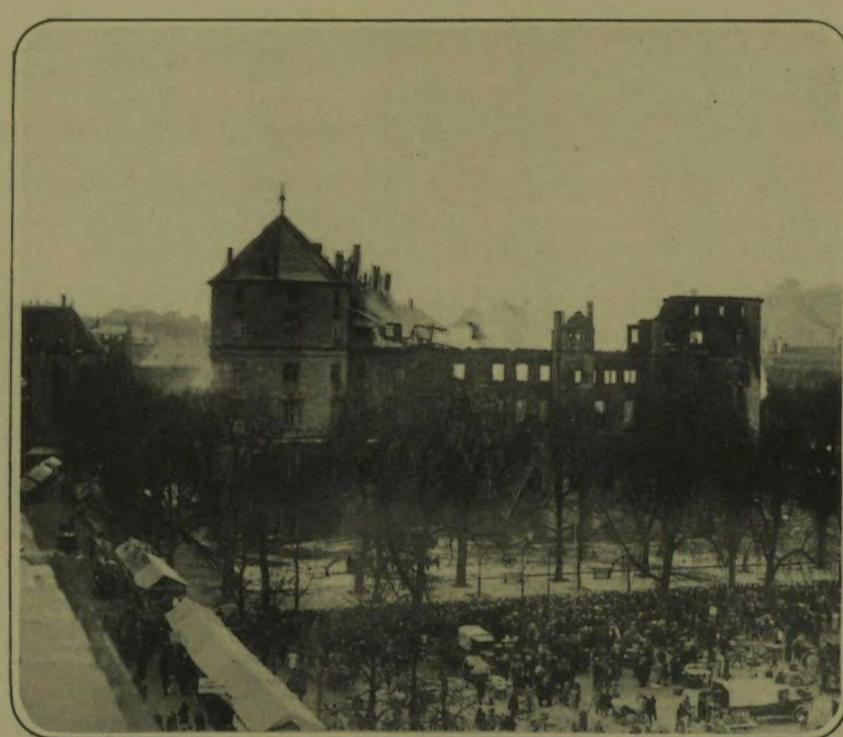


THE FIRE IN THE ST. AUSTELL BAY HOTEL: A BURNT-OUT SECTION OF THE BUILDING, A STRUCTURE ONLY OPENED IN APRIL, 1930.



THE DEVASTATING FIRE AT THE ALTES SCHLOSS, STUTTGART: THE FLAMES GAINING ON THE HISTORIC SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING.

The Altes Schloss, in Stuttgart, a sixteenth-century building, caught fire at 11 a.m. on December 21. The fire, which was attributed to a defective chimney, started in the second floor of the east wing, whence it quickly spread to the north and west wings. Frost and smoke caused the efforts of the brigade to be of little avail, and by the early afternoon the whole of the roof was in flames. The east wing, containing some fine Renaissance rooms, was entirely gutted before



THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRE IN THE ALTES SCHLOSS: THE ANCIENT RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF WURTEMBERG IRREPARABLY DAMAGED.

the fire was reported to be in hand. Several firemen were injured by the collapse of the two sixteenth-century gables, and three persons in all were killed. Precious ceilings and works of art were destroyed, as well as practically the whole of the castle outside the southern wing; the damage is estimated at between £350,000 and £400,000.



A TRAGEDY OF THE THAMES: RIVER POLICE SEARCHING THE WRECK OF THE TUG "ROYALIST," SUNK IN COLLISION WITH A STEAMER, WITH THE LOSS OF EIGHT LIVES.

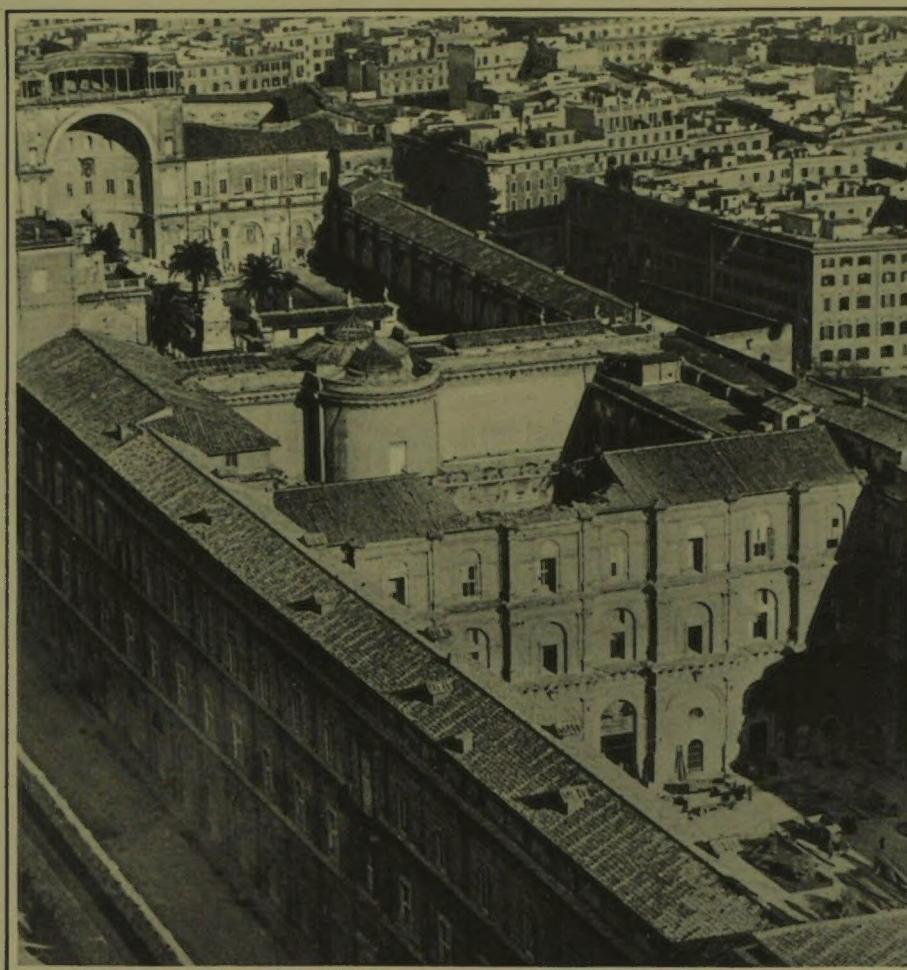
The steam tug "Royalist" collided with the S.S. "American Trader," of New York, in Gallions Reach, near Woolwich, on the evening of December 28 and sank immediately. Of nine men on board, only one was saved. It was not until 2 a.m. that the sunken tug was located. She was then towed, still under water, to Charlton. There she was raised to the surface, and the bodies of some of the crew were found on board.



THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN AUSTRALIA: MR. SCULLIN (STANDING AT THE TABLE) ANNOUNCING THE RECENT DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Our readers may remember that we published last month a portrait of Mr. Scullin, whose Government was defeated in the Australian House of Representatives by 37 votes to 32 on a vote of censure on the distribution of Federal Relief by Mr. Theodore (seen here seated immediately behind Mr. Scullin). In the General Election the United Australian Party made numerous gains, and its leader, Mr. James Lyons, became Prime Minister.

## THE DISASTER TO THE VATICAN LIBRARY: THE COLLAPSE OF THE SALA SISTINA ROOF.



AFTER THE VATICAN LIBRARY DISASTER, WHICH COST FIVE LIVES: A VIEW LOOKING DOWN UPON THE BUILDING; SHOWING THE JAGGED GAP IN THE ROOF OF THE SALA SISTINA.



THE SALONE DELLE CONSULTAZIONE, THROUGH WHICH THE FALLING ROOF OF THE SALA SISTINA CRASHED TO THE BASEMENT: THE SCENE OF THE DEATH OF DR. VATTASSO.



THE SALA SISTINA AFTER ITS ROOF HAD COLLAPSED AND THE FALLING MATERIAL HAD CRASHED THROUGH THE FLOOR INTO THE SALONE DELLE CONSULTAZIONE AND THEN INTO THE BASEMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DAMAGED ROOM.

On the afternoon of December 22 the roof of the Vatican Library, which consists of the Sala Sistina above and the Salone delle Consultazioni below, suddenly collapsed, and, falling through the two floors to the basement, killed five men. One of these was Dr. Vattasso, who was doing research work in the Library; and the other four were workmen in the basement engaged in strengthening the foundations, whose weakness, it is believed, was responsible for the collapse of the roof. Further, it would seem that the building, erected in 1588 under the orders of Pope Sixtus V., had been somewhat carelessly constructed. Much less damage has been done to the treasures of the Library than was at first feared.

An official communiqué published by Mgr. Tisserant, Pro-Prefect of the Library, reports the destruction of the font in the Sala Sistina which served for the baptism of the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., and estimates a loss of 15,000 books from the Salone delle Consultazioni. Many of the cases containing volumes which were swept away were, however, specially constructed, and their contents have been recovered intact, while duplicates exist in the Library for some of the books lost. His Holiness the Pope has appointed a commission to investigate the causes of the disaster, and is arranging with all possible speed for the protection of exposed books from the wet weather.

**"CHARACTERS" OF INDIA:**  
STOWITTS PICTURES OF NATIVE TYPES.



A SADHU OF THE TRINITY SECT.



A PUNDIT ASTROLOGER OF THE UNITED PROVINCES.



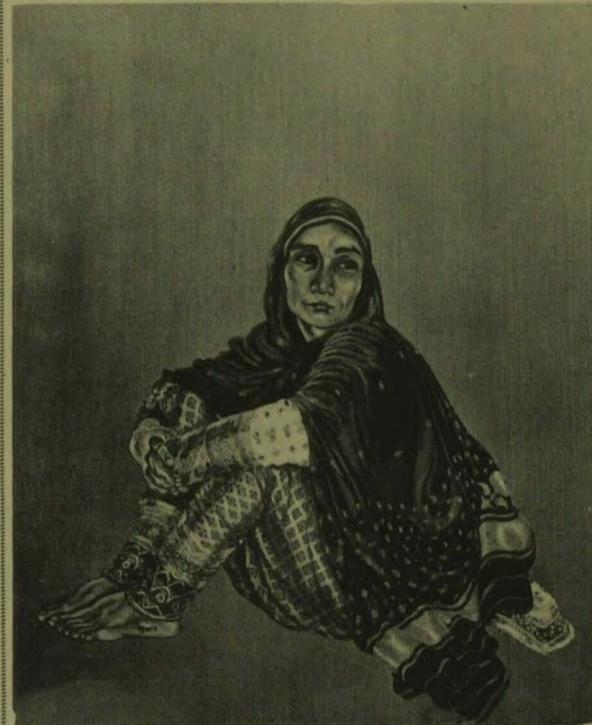
HIRA NATH, A JOBNER GIPSY.



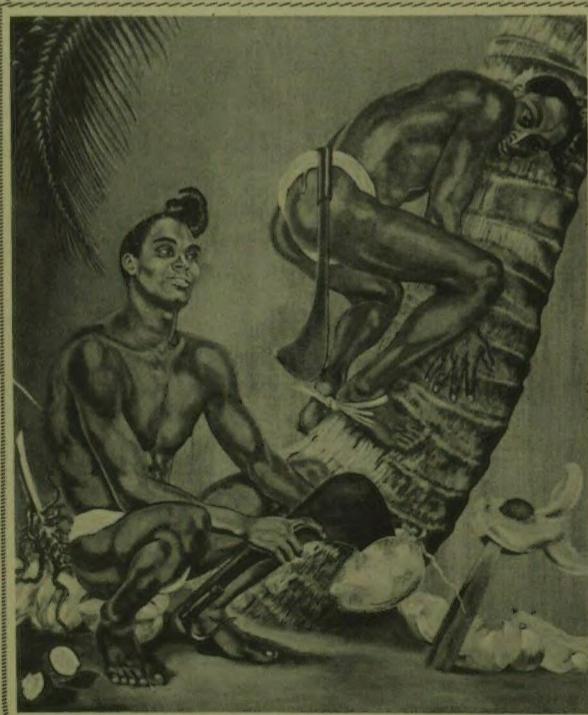
A VENDOR OF CURDS.



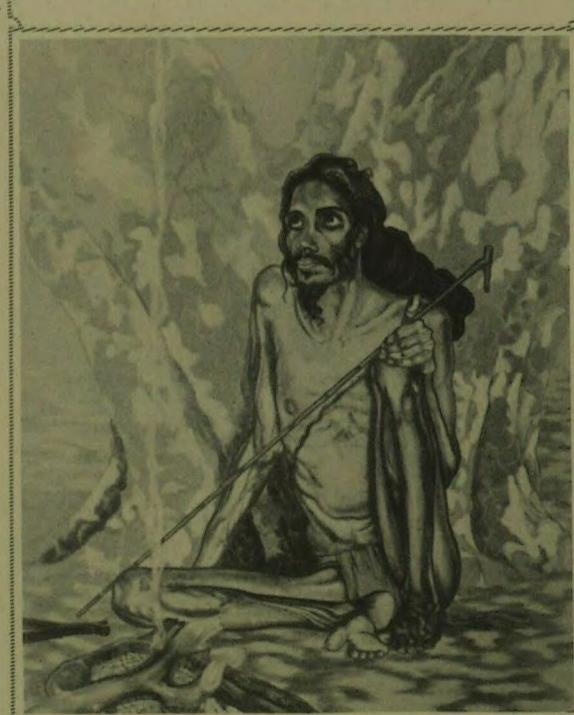
FRANJI NARINAN OF BARODA, A PARSI PRIEST.



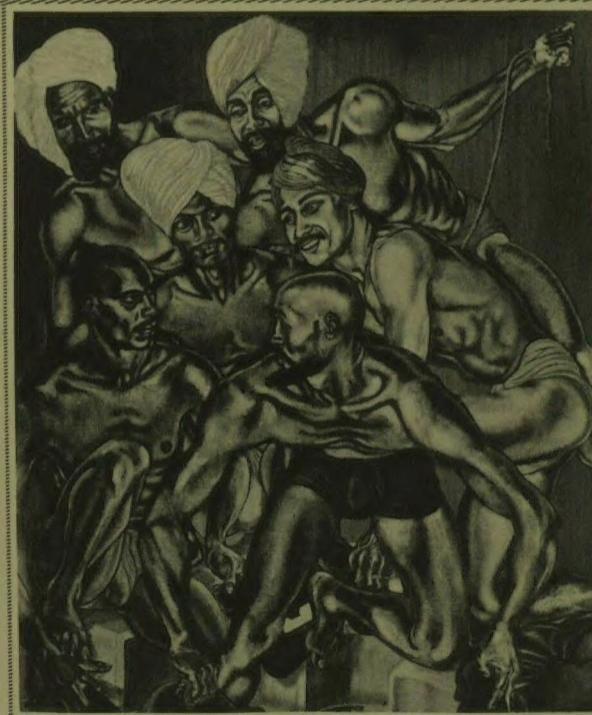
A MOSLEM COURTESAN.



URALI COCONUT-CLIMBERS.



A RAMPUR HOLY MAN.



MOHAMMEDAN WATER-CARRIERS DISPUTING.

As promised in our last issue, we publish here a further selection from the hundred and fifty pictures by Stowitts which are now being shown at Amsterdam under the title of "Vanishing India," and will be seen in London in the spring of this year. It should be noted that this artist invariably chooses tempera as the medium for his paintings, no doubt because the added richness of colour thereby obtainable more than compensates, with a painter of Stowitts's beautiful draughtsmanship, for the difficulty of tone-alteration which the use of that medium implies. A few comments on some of the subjects reproduced may be of interest. The vendor of curds, a woman of the dairy class, sits in the market-place. She wears a distinctive embroidered shawl, made by herself and set

POTENTATES OF INDIA:  
STOWITTS PICTURES OF NATIVE RULERS.



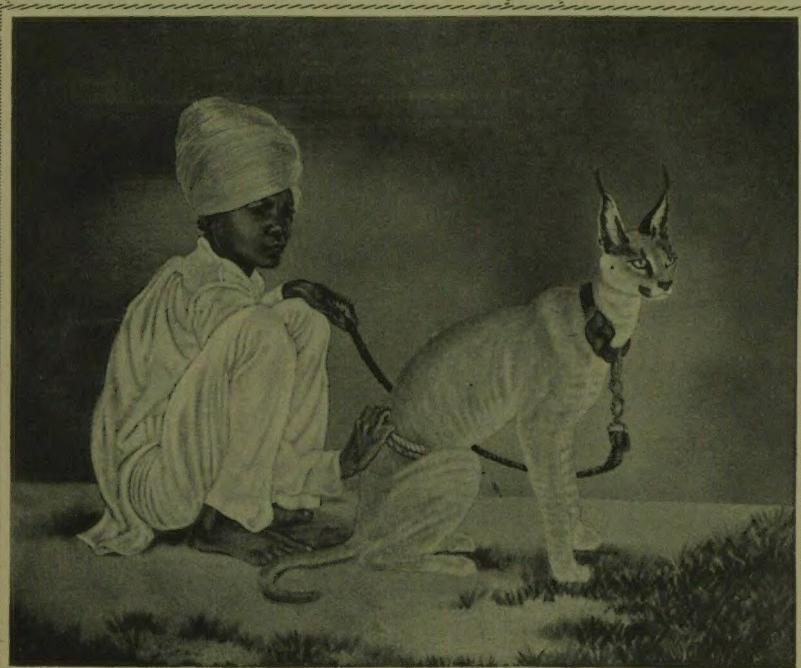
H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF NADJA.



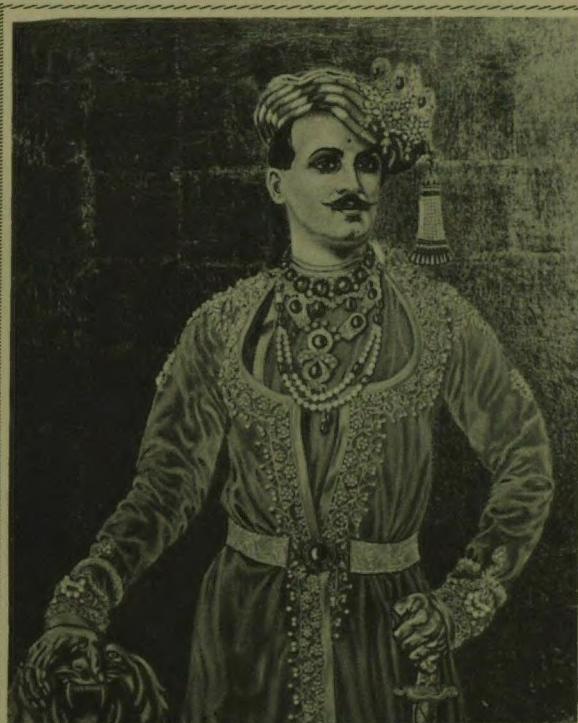
H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF KOLHAPUR.



H.H. THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR.

THE RULER  
OF JAIPUR'S  
HUNTING  
LYNX.THE RULER  
OF JAIPUR'S  
HUNTING  
CHEETAH.

H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF PANNA.



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF GIDHOUR.



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF RUTLAM.

with small round mirrors, so that anyone seeing her in the bazaar with a jug may know that she is selling milk or curds.—The Urali caste are those who harvest the coconut on the Malabar coast.—The watering of the gardens of the Museum at Jaipur was formerly done by four hundred water-carriers, all Mohammedan, who invariably had good-natured quarrels as to who should be the next to fill his waterskin at the well.—H.H. the Maharana of Udaipur can boast an ancestry which has been traced back 140 generations before Agamemnon. He is descended from Rama, the hero of the great Indian epic.—The cheetah is used for hunting antelope as the falcon for hunting birds, with a mask over its eyes until the quarry is seen; the lynx for hunting hare.



THE REVOLUTIONARY AGITATION IN THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE OF INDIA, AGAINST WHICH DRASIC STEPS ARE BEING TAKEN: ABDUL GHAFAR KHAN (IN WHITE; IN CENTRE) AT A REVIEW OF HIS "RED SHIRT" FOLLOWERS.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan, called "the Frontier Gandhi," whose "Red Shirt" volunteers have for some time been a danger to authority in India, was arrested on the night of December 24, and the same fate has overtaken a considerable number of lesser leaders and of followers, for the Government of India is determined to put an end to the revolutionary agitation in the North-West Frontier Province. At the same time the Provincial *jirga* (otherwise the Provincial Congress Committee) and the volunteer bodies connected with it were declared to be illegal associations.



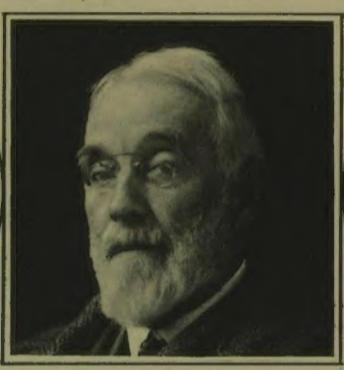
SIR JOHN MARSHALL.

Sir John Marshall's monumental work, "Mohenjo-daro and the Indus Civilisation," has just been published. We dealt with it fully in our issue of December 19 last, publishing an article by Sir Arthur Keith, and numerous illustrations. Sir John was Director-General of Archaeology in India for thirty years. His latest book is as revelatory as it is valuable.



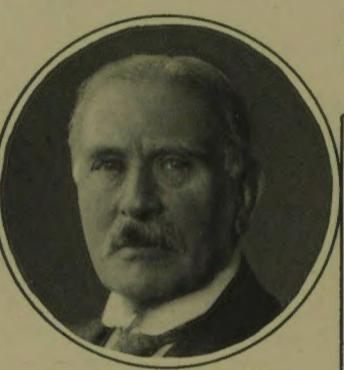
THE PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

Arrested on December 26, while on his way to Bombay, for disobeying the Magistrate's order, forbidding him to leave the municipal limits of Allahabad without permission.



MR. MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, R.A.

Died on December 26, aged sixty-nine. Distinguished as portrait-painter, decorator, and draughtsman in black-and-white. His best known work is, perhaps, "The Idyll," at Liverpool.



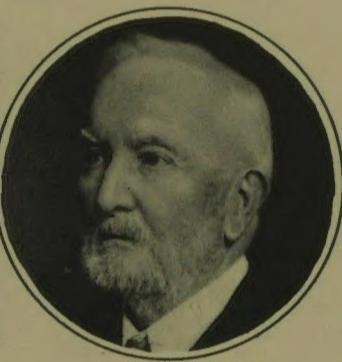
SIR HERBERT THIRKELL WHITE.

Died on December 27, aged seventy-six. Served with distinction in Burma for thirty-two years, and was Lieutenant-Governor 1905-1910. Entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1877.



MR. LIONEL POWELL.

Died on December 23, aged fifty-four. Director of the London Symphony Orchestra concerts and the Royal Albert Hall Sunday concerts. Sponsored many famous artistes, including Paderewski and Caruso.



MR. A. P. GRAVES.

Died on December 27, aged eighty-five. Famous as the author of "Father O'Flynn." Wrote for numerous periodicals, and was for some thirty-four years an Inspector of Schools.



THE TRAGEDY AT THE FRICKLEY COLLIERY, SOUTH YORKSHIRE, WHERE FIVE MEN WERE CAUGHT IN A GAS POCKET AND DIED FROM ASPHYXIATION, PROBABLY BY CARBON MONOXIDE: THE RESCUE PARTY LEAVING THE PIT.

In the early morning of December 28, five colliery deputies lost their lives at the Frickley pit, South Yorkshire, in a tragic and most unusual way. While making a safety tour of inspection before the resumption of work after the Christmas holiday, they entered a pocket of bad air and were asphyxiated, probably by carbon monoxide. In the photograph on the right, Mr. Herbert Smith is seen with Mr. H. Bamforth, Secretary of the Yorkshire Miners' Association; Mr. Wilfred King, Treasurer; Mr. Gabriel Price, M.P. for Hemsworth; and Mr. Joseph Jones, General Secretary of the Association.



AT THE SCENE OF THE FRICKLEY COLLERY DISASTER: MR. HERBERT SMITH (SECOND FROM RIGHT), PRESIDENT OF THE YORKSHIRE MINERS' ASSOCIATION, WHO DESCENDED THE PIT AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



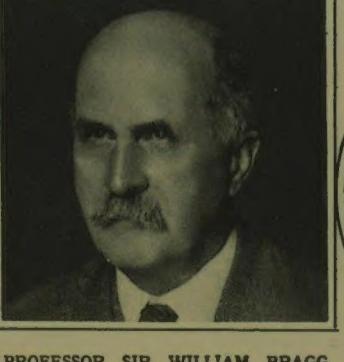
MR. JAMES A. LYONS.

Leader of the United Australia Party, which made large gains in the recent Australian General Election, and now Prime Minister. The Australian political situation will be found further illustrated on page 4. Mr. Lyons is fifty-one.



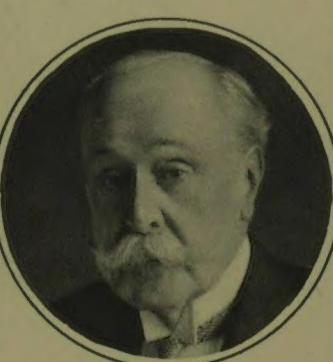
MR. F. W. HALL, M.A.

Elected President of St. John's College, Oxford, in succession to the late Dr. H. A. James. Was Second Fellow, Vice-President, and Lecturer in Classics. Editor of the "Classical Quarterly" for nineteen years.



PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M., K.B.E., F.R.S.

Professor Bragg's Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution—"The Universe of Light"—will form the basis of a series of six articles by Sir William which will be published exclusively in "The Illustrated London News," and will be accompanied by explanatory drawings.



SIR W. H. BENNETT.

Died on December 24, aged seventy-nine. H.M. Inspector of Anatomy for London and consulting surgeon to a number of hospitals. President of the Institute of Hygiene and of the Illuminating Engineers Society.



SIGNOR ARNALDO MUSSOLINI.

Brother of the Duce, and editor of "Popolo d'Italia," and a leading Fascist journalist. Died December 21, aged forty-six. Showed a particular interest in Italian economic problems, and the moral side of Fascism.

THE CIRCUS  
IN  
TOWN AGAIN :  
A THRILL  
OF THE RING.

NO other recommendation could be desired than to say that Mr. Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia this year is at least as good as ever. The greater number of the acts have never before been presented in England; notably some feats of animal-training which have to be seen to be believed. Horses, dogs, mules, zebras, chimpanzees, and tigers, in turn perform their respective and astounding evolutions in the sawdust ring. Of those acts which the circus-goer has had the opportunity of seeing at Olympia before, that of the Wallendas will be particularly welcomed, since these artistes repeat on the high wire their audacities of last year. The moment at which the camera has caught them here provides, perhaps, the greatest thrill of the whole circus. The four Wallendas walk together to the middle of the wire, a man carrying a chair between the other two men, and the girl last. Then the chair is balanced on a cross-piece between two of them, and the man who is in the middle miraculously climbs on to it, first sits, and then stands; finally, the girl climbs to the shoulders of the third man, from there to the chair, and lastly to the shoulders of the man standing on it, where she stands upright. Truly, it is an amazingly skilful and very perilous performance.



STARS OF OLYMPIA: THE WALLENDAS IN THEIR BALANCING AND ACROBATIC ACT ON THE HIGH WIRE.



THE GERMAN FILM "KAMERADSHAFT," IN WHICH GERMAN MINERS COME TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR FRENCH FELLOW-MINERS IN DISASTER: GENDARMES HOLDING THE GATES OF THE STRICKEN FRENCH COLLIERY AGAINST THE CROWD.

Attention was drawn by the recent Bentley Pit disaster to the heroic rescue-work miners have always done among their stricken comrades, both in this country and abroad. We illustrate on this page scenes from the German film "Kameradschaft," which is woven round such a disaster. The correspondent who has supplied the photographs informs us that the director—G. W. Pabst—was actually inspired by the overwhelming tragedy that occurred at Courrières—not far from Lens—in 1906, though the film represents an imaginary disaster after the war and near the Franco-German frontier. When the Courrières catastrophe occurred, it is stated, German miners went from Westphalia to the aid of their French comrades. There is a French as well as a German version of the film (the French one being styled "La Tragédie de la Mine"), and in both of them the German and French miners speak their own language; though the few dialogues that occur, it may be noted, are easily understandable by both the French and the German public. M. Pabst has reduced the number of professional actors to a minimum, employing mainly French and German miners from Northern France and Westphalia. Most of the shots were actually taken in the Ruhrland mining district. The story of the film may be briefly told as follows. After preliminary scenes in which German miners are seen joining in a "bal mineur" in a French village on the Franco-German frontier, German miners receive news of an explosion in a neighbouring French colliery—a disaster that has been followed by the jamming of the

(Continued opposite.)



COMRADESHIP BREAKS THROUGH THE FRONTIER: GERMAN MINERS, DETERMINED TO COME TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR FRENCH COMRADES, BREAK THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND BARRIER ERECTED TO MARK THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER.

## DISASTER BREAKS DOWN INTER-KAMERADSHAFT—"GERMANS"



THE CROWD OF MINERS' RELATIVES SEIZED WITH PANIC WHILE WAITING FOR NEWS AT THE COLLERY GATES: A SCENE FROM THE REALISTIC GERMAN FILM OF A FRENCH MINE DISASTER IN WHICH THE CAGE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BECOME JAMMED IN THE SHAFT.



A WEIRD FIGURE, SYMBOLIC OF HEROISM UNDER CHASTENED AND UNNATURAL CONDITIONS: THE LEADER OF THE GERMAN RESCUE-PARTY IN A GAS MASK AND FULL EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT.

*Continued.*

time grappling Wittkopp, who has come to his rescue. Wittkopp, in trying to get him on to a truck, falls to the bottom of the sloping gallery, where he lies senseless. The sound of a telephone suddenly ringing out in the silence underground proves his salvation, and he is eventually rescued, recovers in a French hospital, and is accompanied back to the frontier by the Frenchmen whose lives he had saved. But at the end, while all the miners are seen

## NATIONAL BARRIERS: THE FILM RESCUE FRENCH MINERS.



FRENCH MINERS AWAITING RESCUE AFTER THE EXPLOSION, AMID THE WRECKAGE OF MACHINERY, PIPES, AND PIT-PROPS, IN WATER UP TO THEIR WAISTS, AND SOME UP TO THEIR NECKS: A SCENE BELOW GROUND IN THE FILM "KAMERADSHAFT."



THE TRIUMPH OF THE NATURAL FELLOW-FEELING OF ONE MINER FOR ANOTHER IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING MISFORTUNE: A FRENCH COLLIER SHAKES HANDS WITH A GERMAN WHO HAS RESCUED HIM.

singing a miners' song together, down below in the gallery the frontier barrier is being re-erected under the supervision of the German and the French police. In conclusion, we may perhaps point out that this underground Franco-German barrier is nothing but an ingenious way of symbolising the antipathy between the two nations remaining as a heritage from the war, and must not be presumed to exist in any actual mine.



MEMBERS OF A GERMAN RESCUE-PARTY OF VOLUNTEERS WHO ALSO GET INTO DIFFICULTIES IN A FLOODED GALLERY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DETAILED REALISM OF THE MINERS' COSTUME AND GEAR.

*Continued.*

case in the shaft. The French rescue-workers are therefore forced to stand by idle while this is repaired. A German miner suggests to his compatriots that they ought to go over and help, and, though for a while national dislike sways his hearers, eventually the feeling of comradeship and solidarity between fellow-workers prevails and a German rescue-party is organised. Meanwhile, the three German miners who had been at the French "bal mineur" are discussing the situation in an interval of their work. One of them says he

knows a much shorter way to the stricken French pit, and eventually persuades his companions, who begin by laughing at him, to follow him down an old gallery, until they come to an iron barrier, marking an underground boundary fixed in 1919 between France and Germany on this seam. This they break through, only to be caught by water which has broken into the mine; a peril which they escape as though by a miracle. The male rescue-party of Germans make superhuman efforts. One of them, Wittkopp, hears the sound of someone rapping on a ventilation pipe coming from a steeply sloping gallery. Up this gallery he climbs, and finds two French miners who have taken refuge there, both of them at their wits' end. Hearing Wittkopp call "Anyone there?" in German, one of the Frenchmen fancies himself back in the trenches, an illusion heightened by the appearance of a gas-masked figure before him, and he begins to shout, "Look out! Here they are! The Germans!"

*[Continued below.]*



THOUGH FRENCH MINERS HAD BEEN RESCUED BY GERMANS, THE INTERNATIONAL BARRIER IS RESTORED! THE IRONIC LAST SCENE OF THE FILM "KAMERADSHAFT" SHOWING THE UNDERGROUND FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER RE-ESTABLISHED.

# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## KING VIDOR—GENIUS OF REALISM.

I DO not remember any other occasion on which two films from the hands of one director, and of such outstanding power and interest as "The Champ" (Empire) and "Street Scene" (Regal), have been presented almost simultaneously in the West End. But, whether this "doubling" of Mr. King Vidor's latest productions is the result of accident or of design, it affords an excellent opportunity for the student of the kinema, as well as the entertainment-seeking public, to appraise the work of this master craftsman from two almost directly opposite angles.

It is a curious fact that in any discussion centring around the great directors of the world the name of King Vidor is often the last to be mentioned, if it is not omitted altogether. Probably this is because his imagination is never winged with ecstasy, fantasy lends no point to his humour, and his case is always stated with a large directness that has the courage both of his convictions and of his sentiment, and allows no room for ironical intention on the part of emotion or of intellect. Neither does spectacle on a large scale and in its flamboyant aspect appear to interest him, though his handling of crowds and pertinent grouping of people have a significance and imaginative urgency that are always memorable. Who, for instance, could forget his treatment of the revival meetings of the negroes in "Hallelujah!"—the massed dark figures, the dark night, the contrasting moonlight, the surging sense of movement rippling up from stillness to hysterical gesticulation and lament?

But, apart from this particular aspect of his work, King Vidor possesses a penetrating ability to "get under the skin" of his material and a rare power of evolving individual characterisations from types. When, some three or four years ago, "The Crowd" drew all London to the Tivoli, the public, as well as the critics, realised that with the making of that film something new had been infused into the methods of kinema production. Yet that newness was in reality as old as life itself. In the commonplace history of the two young people who fell in love, married, contended with domestic difficulties and individual shortcomings, whose days were spent, not in the marble halls of fiction or the great open spaces of romance, but in a tiny apartment to which the regular delivery of the milk was as important a factor in the development of their characters as their quarrels and reconciliations, filmgoers recognised the sudden rising of that river of realism that was soon to sweep across the screens of the world.

With the coming of sound and speech, King Vidor enlarged the canvas of his next film to portray the mentality and emotion of a whole people. Whereas in "The Crowd" the young husband and wife were a representative unit of dwellers in a great city, in "Hallelujah!" the individual protagonists were submerged and swept away by the torrent of their racial characteristics. Their background, instead of being straitened to four walls, was immense, by turns vivid and ominous, rather than colourless and insignificant. But through both pictures ran the same intuitive understanding of individuals as distinct from types, each a part of the whole, but each alive and vibrant to his or her responsibility towards the general scheme.

Only once, writing from memory, has King Vidor failed, or made no attempt, to exemplify this peculiar quality in his work. His last year's "Billy the Kid" might have been produced by any competent director. Something of the same sort might, perhaps, be said of "The Champ," though here the fact that his principal player is a star of the magnitude of Wallace Beery accounts to some extent for the comparative lack of individualism in direction. The story, too, has no thematic background, and is concerned only with the straightforward telling of the vicissitudes, mostly of his own making, that beset the path of the ex-champion and his little indomitable son. Most of King Vidor's previous work has been done, be it noted, with comparatively unknown players. In this case, with an actor of Wallace Beery's calibre, with Jackie Cooper as a partner of almost miraculous ability for one so young, with a story written specially for the screen by the experienced hand of Frances Marion, the film almost directs itself. It is no discredit to King Vidor to say that

the acting over-rides every other consideration. He plainly meant it to. And only a master-driver knows exactly when and how to let the reins lie slack.

Of "Street Scene" it is said that Mr. Vidor deliberately planned the picture as a representational work rather than as an individualistic dramatic piece. And in this

one of the other. This is the more remarkable in that the film—like the play—is staged in one set only—the exterior of a New York rooming-house. Here, at the windows, on the steps, in the circumscribed area of street before the house, with an undercurrent of noise from the elevated railway and passing traffic, the humour and tragedy, the idealism and disillusionment, that are the lot of the many occupants of the house are presented, sometimes curiously, often cruelly, but always in strict relation to reality. And, unseen but omnipresent about the thwarted romance, the jealousy that ends in murder, the prying and the gossip, the comradeship of common pettinesses, the dawning of young love, lies the unconcerned city, islanding this little group of its dwellers with its magic and its menace. In the hands of a less intuitive director, who might have succumbed to the temptation to widen his pictorial horizons, the film would have lost its most impressive aspect. For it is Mr. Vidor's calculated restriction of the scope (though not the movement) of the camera that strikes so haunting a note. Like the Cockney who realises his London less clearly than the visitor on a conducted tour, these people, though they are affected by their background, are unimpressed by it. And their stark and contradictory isolation, characteristic of city life the world over, is the key to which the whole inwardness of the picture is poignantly attuned.

## FAIRY-TALES.

Every year, when Christmas flings out its advance guards of scarlet and silver, when fir-trees, big and little, invade the pavements, and each shopwindow, running riot in a blaze of light, presents its own idea of Aladdin's Cave, I sigh for the loan of a youthful pair of eyes. A modern pair, mark you, for it is the up-to-date juvenile outlook that I would fain discover. For myself, I still have a pair of golden spectacles

left over from my childhood's days which fit me uncommonly well. They may seem somewhat incongruous, even a trifle ridiculous, in juxtaposition with my grey hairs, but I shall never outlive them. And thus it comes about that, in gauging the taste in entertainment of to-day's boys and girls, I may very well be deceived by my own keen pleasure in the fantastic, the "let's pretend," the imaginary kingdom whence logic and realism are sternly banished and adventure may lead you anywhere you will. In an age when the denizens of the nursery lisp out an insistent request for a model motor-car, and your youngest nephew offers to "knock you up" a radio set, what do the fairies mean? Can our young people still transplant themselves to and lose themselves in a world of poesy and pixies, a world where their toys—or, rather, the toys we used to play with—come to life and the Little People leave their lovely, invisible land to mingle with the mortals?

If they can—and I hope they can—where better shall they find the way to fairyland than in the kinema? The camera is a magician at whose bidding the boundaries of hard fact evaporate and the supernatural becomes as real, as convincing, as reality. The Germans, steeped in folk-lore, easily persuaded to walk in the wonderful world of the sagas, gave to the screen, before they bowed to the sophistication of Hollywood, pictures of a haunting beauty borrowed from the magic pages of the *Märchen*. From time to time, their innate love of the fairy-tale crops up again—in Lotte Reiniger's silhouette pictures, for instance; in the dramatisation of "The Erl King" (a notable technical achievement); and in the more juvenile and wholly delicious story of "The Magic Clock." The last-named, I am glad to see, is included in an excellent selection of fairy-tales—Ludwig Berger's "Cinderella," "The Toy Parade" (a charming invention this), "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," Bonzo and Mickey Mouse cartoons, the whole reinforced with animal and nature studies, which will be shown during the whole of January at the enterprising little Academy Cinema in Oxford Street. The management announces daily performances for children, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and, if the response is sufficient, Saturday morning shows for the youngsters throughout the year. This policy is, I learn, a response to the numerous requests for children's programmes for the holidays.



THE SOUND-FILM OF "STREET SCENE"—KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION OF ELMER RICE'S PLAY: OUTSIDE THE NEW YORK ROOMING-HOUSE; THE UNCHANGING BACKGROUND OF THE STORY IN BOTH FILM AND PLAY.

The characters seen here are (from left to right) Karl Olsen—the lazy Scandinavian; the young Jew; Mrs. Maurrant (Miss Estelle Taylor); Mr. Maurrant, the eventual murderer of his wife (Mr. David Landau); the jovial Italian musician; his wife at the window; and a street gossip. Miss Sylvia Sidney takes the part of Maurrant's daughter Rose, who falls in love with the young Jew. King Vidor's production of "Street Scene," and also of "The Champ," will be found discussed by our film critic in an extremely interesting article on this page.



KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CHAMP": MR. WALLACE BEERY (L.) AS THE EX-CHAMPION, AND MASTER JACKIE COOPER AS HIS SON.

he has achieved his aim by bringing that same quality of penetration to bear with such trenchant and yet restrained effect upon both people and background that characters and setting become the dramatic complement



THE UPPER PART OF THE LEFT-HAND PANEL OF THE TRPTYCH OF AIX; AND THE LOWER PART—THE FORMER FROM AMSTERDAM; THE LATTER FROM THE SIR HERBERT COOK COLLECTION.

## The French Exhibition at Burlington House: Representative Pictures.

AT the Exhibition of French Art, 1400—1900, which opens at Burlington House on January 4, the long-separated parts of the fifteenth-century "Triptych of Aix" will be reunited for the second time in recent years. The central part of this still belongs to the Church of the Madeleine at Aix-en-Provence. The right-hand panel, representing Jeremiah, belongs to the National Museum in Brussels. The lower part of the left-hand panel, representing Isaiah, is owned by Sir Herbert Cook, and the upper section of that panel belongs to the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. The first assemblage of the parts was effected some two years ago, at the Louvre. It is believed that the "Annunciation" was painted at Aix at the time of King René, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, probably for the Rocheouarts.



THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF THE TRPTYCH OF AIX: A FIGURE OF JEREMIAH IN A SCARLET CLOAK, WHICH HAS BEEN LENT TO THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION BY THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT BRUSSELS.



THE "ANNUNCIATION" FROM THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE AT AIX-EN-PROVENCE, WHICH HAS AGAIN BEEN TEMPORARILY REUNITED WITH ITS TWO DETACHED SIDE PANELS (ONE OF WHICH IS IN TWO PARTS) AND IS TO BE SEEN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE AS THE CENTRE OF THE TRPTYCH OF AIX.

## THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION: PICTURES RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.



"THE FLEET ON FIRE"; BY CLAUDE LORRAIN. (1600-1682.)  
Lent by John Roberts, Esq.



"L'ARTISTE DANS SON ATELIER"; BY HUBERT ROBERT.  
(1733-1808.)  
Lent by M. J. Féral, Paris.



"JACOB'S DREAM"—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.  
Lent by Messrs. Durlacher Bros., London.



"THE LEGEND OF ST. MARGUERITE"—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.  
Lent by H.M. the King.



"MADONNA AND CHILD"—ÉCOLE PROVENÇALE;  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.  
Lent by Mrs. Weld Blundell.



"THE LITTLE SINGERS"; BY ANTOINE LE NAIN. (1593-1648.)  
Lent by Lord Aldenham.

*Continued.]*

Fragonard), and in Florence. On his return to Paris in 1766, he was received as an Academician. In 1770, he was appointed "Dessinateur des Jardins du Roi," and was given lodgings at the Louvre. Antoine Le Nain was the second of the three brothers Le Nain—Louis, le Romain; Antoine, le Jeune; and Mathieu, le Chevalier, who painted Mazarin and Marie de Médicis. All of them became members of the Académie in 1648. None of the brothers signed any initial before his surname, with the result that allocation of any particular work is not a simple matter. They were born in the cathedral city of Laon. Louis died in 1648; Antoine in 1648; and Mathieu in 1677.



"LES ÉCHEVINS DE PARIS"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.  
Lent by the Hon. Mr. Justice Murnaghan, Dublin.

**THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION:**  
GALLANTRIES; A BACCHANALIA; AND THE PASTORAL.



"BACCHANAL"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN. (1594-1665.)  
Lent by F. Cavendish Bentinck, Esq.



"LES COMÉDIENS ITALIENS"; BY J. A. WATTEAU. (1684-1721.)  
From the Collection in the Castle of Rohoncz, Hungary.



"LA MAIN-CHAUDE"; BY J. H. FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
Lent by Messrs. Wildenstein, New York.

A WORD as to Jean François Detroy. This artist is one of those who followed in the footsteps of Watteau, seeking to emulate that painter. He is represented at Pau, by "Mme. de Miramion"; in the Louvre; and in the Wallace Collection.



"RETOUR DU TROUPEAU"; BY HUBERT ROBERT.  
(1733-1808.) Lent by Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Paris.



"REPAS DE CHASSE"; BY J. F. DETROY. (1679-1752.)  
Lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild.



"LE REPAS DE CHASSE"; BY N. LANCRET. (1690-1743.)  
From the Wildenstein Collection.



## THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES.



"LE LEVER DE  
FANCHON";  
BY M. N. B.  
LÉPICIÉ.  
(1735-1784.)  
Lent by the St.  
Omer Museum.



"LE BILLET DOUX"; BY J. H. FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
Lent by Julius S. Bache, Esq., New York.



"THE TEASE"; BY N. LANCRET. (1690-1743.)  
Lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.

**I**N Louis Hourticq's "Art in France," there occurs the following note which may well be read in connection with these reproductions: "The institution of exhibitions of pictures and sculpture (Salons) and their steady success after their permanent establishment in 1737, show the growing interest taken by the Parisian world in the work of artists. Never, since it had parted company with religion to become the pastime of a cultured coterie, had art appealed to so wide a public, or found such extensive support in Society. It may be that less painting was executed as decoration for princely galleries, but a great deal more found its way into private houses. The amateur was no longer necessarily an ostentatious financier or a fanatical collector of rarities. . . . The yearly exhibition of the Royal Academy tended to educate the public."



"LA JEUNE GOUVRNANTE"; BY J. B. CHARDIN. (1699-1779.)  
Lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.



"JEUNE FILLE VUE DE DOS"; BY J. B. GREUZE.  
(1725-1805.)  
Lent by the Fabre Museum, Montpellier.



"TOILETTE DE VÉNUS"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER. (1703-1770.)  
Lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild.



"L'AURORE"; BY J. H. FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
Lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild.

## The French Art Exhibition: A Work by a Great Genre Painter.

LENT TO THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE BY BARON H. DE ROTHSCHILD.



"LA RÉCUREUSE"; BY J. B. CHARDIN (1699-1779).

Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin, a great exponent of "democratic" art, was born in poor circumstances in Paris. He first exhibited in 1728 at the Place Dauphine, and the same year became an Academician. In 1755 he was appointed treasurer of the Academy, and the King granted him a room in the Louvre. In Mr. Eric G. Underwood's admirable "Short History of French Painting" we read: "Chardin was a painter of still life: fruits, jugs, basins, cooking utensils, and the like, a portrait painter, and a genre painter of domestic interior scenes. It is in the last that

he is a great master and without a rival in the French School. . . . Chardin is supreme as an interpreter of the beauty of simple domestic life; he reveals the poetry which can be found in the common things of every day; he stands aside from the affectations and artificialities of his day as an inspiration to the long line of painters and writers who succeeded him as interpreters of the life and feelings of the people. With his keen observation, rich and luminous colour, and finished realism he is the rival of the best masters of the Netherlands."

## By the Greatest French Pastellist—Represented at Burlington House by Four Examples: La Tour Portraits.

PORTRAITS OF LOUIS XV, AND HIS QUEEN, MARIE LESZCZYNASKA, FROM THE LOUVRE COLLECTION. THE REST FROM THE MUSÉE DE LA TOUR AT SAINT QUENTIN.



LOUIS XV, KING OF FRANCE (1710—1774).



MADEMOISELLE DE CAMARGO (MARIE ANNE DE CUPIS; 1710—1770).  
(Included in the French Art Exhibition.)



MADEMOISELLE MARIE FEL (1713—1794).  
(Included in the French Art Exhibition.)



MARIE LESZCZYNASKA, WIFE OF LOUIS XV, OF FRANCE (1702—1768).



MANELLI, THE ITALIAN OPERA SINGER.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (1794—1788).



JEAN RESTOUT, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER (1692—1765).



JEAN NICOLAS VERNEZOBRE, THE FLOWER-PAINTER.

Maurice Quentin de la Tour, the greatest of French pastellists, is represented in the French Art Exhibition at Burlington House by four portraits lent by the Museum of Saint Quentin, namely, those of La Camargo and Marie Fel (both reproduced above) and those of d'Alembert and Mlle. de Chastagner de Lagrange. La Tour was born at St. Quentin in 1704, and died there in 1788. This town suffered much damage during the war, but directly after the Armistice efforts towards rehabilitation were made, and, in particular, much care was devoted to the setting in order once more of the Museum, whose chief treasures are some eighty-five of La Tour's works. To this end there was formed the Société des Amis du Musée de La Tour, who have made it their business not only to conserve the pictures already possessed by Saint Quentin, but to add to them. In 1930, an Exhibition of La Tour's works, held at the Tuilleries, was the chief art event of the summer season in Paris. With regard to the subjects here illustrated, the following notes may be given: The marriage of Louis XV. of France and Marie Charlotte Félicité, daughter of Stanislaus Leszczynski,

King of Poland (then Duke of Lorraine and of Bar), and of Catherine Brin Opalinska, took place at Fontainebleau on September 5, 1725. The above portrait of Marie Leszczynska (now in the possession of the Louvre) was exhibited at the Salon in 1748—La Camargo's real name was Marie Anne de Cupis. She was born at Brussels, and became *premiere danseuse* at the Opera in 1732.—Mademoiselle Fel, who began a *liaison* with La Tour in about 1750, first appeared at the Opera in November, 1754, and after having attained great success as a singer, retired in 1759.—Manelli took the chief comic part in the opera "Maitre de Musique," given in Paris by an Italian company on September 19, 1752.—The self-portrait of La Tour, one of many, shows him wearing his black studio cap.—Jean Restout, nephew and pupil of Jouvenet, won the Grand Prix de Rome with his picture "Venus asking Vulcan to make arms for Aeneas," and made his reputation as a historical painter.—Jean Nicolas Vernezobre was noted as a painter of flowers and fruit, and was represented in the Salon de Saint-Luc of 1753.

## The French Art Exhibition: Gems of Landscape and Portraiture.

REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MEDICI SOCIETY



"SOUVENIR DE MORTE FONTAINE"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875).

*Lent by the Louvre.*



"MADAME DE POMPADOUR"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770).

*Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh.*

AMONG the famous pictures lent by the Louvre to the Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House (to be open from January 4 to March 6) are two examples of Corot—the painting here reproduced and "Le Beffroi de Douai." Corot was one of the world's greatest landscape-painters, and he has been called "the Theocritus of modern painting." He was the son of a Paris linen-draper, and lived for many years on a small allowance from his father. He did not sell a picture till he was past fifty, but after that his fortune changed, and his work made him a rich man. In character he was the most lovable and kind-hearted of men. He gave large sums for charity, especially during the siege of Paris, and was very generous to brother artists in distress. He never married.—François Boucher, the most representative painter of the mid-eighteenth century in France, was not only the fashionable artist of his day in Paris, but himself shared in the gay and frivolous social life of the time. His subjects were largely drawn from the amatory side of classical mythology, as in his "Vénus chez Vulcain," which the Louvre has lent to the French Art Exhibition; but he was also much in vogue as a portrait-painter, and did much decorative work and tapestry-designing. Two of his pictures in the Wallace Collection—"The Rising of the Sun" and "The Setting of the Sun"—are regarded as his masterpieces. He was a special protégé of Madame de Pompadour, the favourite of Louis XV. and for a quarter of a century the arbitress of taste in the Parisian art world. One of Boucher's portraits of her is also in the Wallace Collection.

**THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION:  
18TH AND 19TH CENTURY PORTRAITS.**



"ELLE ET SES ÉLÈVES"; BY MME. LABILLE-GUIARD.  
(1749-1803.)

Lent by E. J. Berwind, Esq., New York.



"MME. D'AIQUIRANDES"; BY F. H. DROUAIIS.  
(1727-1775.)

Lent by John Severance, Esq., Cleveland.



"MME. DE POMPADOUR"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.  
(1703-1770.)

Lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Paris.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY PERRONEAU.  
(1731-1783.)

Lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY"; BY J. L.  
DAVID. (1748-1825.)

Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.

**M**ME. VIGÉE - LEBRUN, the better known of the two women artists whose work is here illustrated, was born daughter of a portraitist and professor at the Academy of St. Luc. Her father died when she was twelve, and she received little tuition thereafter; but she was being commissioned for portraits when she was fifteen. Her marriage to Lebrun united her not only to a painter, but to a critic and a dealer who gave her much advice. Her many pictures include twenty of Marie Antoinette and her children. She fled to Italy in 1789 and was elected a member of the Rome Academy. After that, she travelled considerably and did not return to France for twenty years. In all, she painted over 600 portraits and 200 landscapes.

**M**ME. ADÉLAÏDE LABILLE-GUIARD, one of the two women artists whose work is here illustrated, was elected to the Academy on May 31, 1783, at the same time as Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and she showed her paintings at the exhibitions between 1783 and 1800. Her "Portrait de Louise Elisabeth de France" is at Versailles; and she is familiar also as the painter of portraits of Mme. Adélaïde, the Duchess of Narbonne, the Count and Countess of Clermont-Tonnerre, and the Marquise de la Valette. She was Mlle. Adélaïde Labille; then she became Mme. Labille-Guiard; and then Mme. Vincent.



"BONAPARTE 1<sup>ER</sup> CONSUL"; BY J. A. D. INGRES.

(1780-1867.)

Lent by the Liège Museum.



"LA DUCHESSE DE VICENCE"; BY P. P.  
PRUD'HON. (1758-1823.)

Lent by MM. N. et G. Wildenstein, Paris.



"LA DUGAZON"; BY MME. VIGÉE-LEBRUN.  
(1755-1842.)

Lent by M. X.

## THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION: PICTURES BY NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERS.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU was the son of a tailor in the Jura Department and of a mother who came from a distinguished family; and he inherited both his father's rusticity and his mother's sensibility. To some extent, he studied the figure, but he was attracted only by Nature.—Pierre Auguste Renoir went to Paris when he was seventeen, to practise pottery-painting, which he had begun to study in his native place, Limoges. In 1863, he first sent work to the Salon. His picture was refused; but his "Esmeralda" was accepted in the following year.—Claude Monet was the son of a merchant. At twenty, as a soldier, he served in Algeria for two years with the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Then, invalided out, he went to Paris and studied in the Gleyre atelier. In 1869, he became one of the *pleinair*.

[Continued below.]



"L'ABREUVOIR"; BY THÉODORE ROUSSEAU. (1812-1867.)  
Lent by Rheims Museum.



"LA SERRE DERrière LES ROSIERS"; BY P. A. RENOIR. (1841-1920.)  
Lent by D. W. F. Cargill, Esq.



"SNOW SCENE"; BY GUSTAVE COURBET. (1819-1877.)  
Lent by H. Coleman, Esq.

*Continued.]*  
group, with, amongst others, Cézanne and Degas.—Gustave Courbet had his first picture in the Salon in 1844, but the acceptance was followed by many refusals, for he was distinctly in advance of the Masters of the period.—Charles François Daubigny was the son of the painter Edmé François Daubigny, and for a time worked by his father's side as a painter of tops of clock-cases. Later, he was at the Louvre, restoring pictures. In 1838, he had his first work in the Salon.—Alfred Sisley was a pupil of Gleyre; but Corot, Monet, and Courbet were his true masters. He had his first work in the Salon in 1866—"Femmes allant au Bois."



"LES BATEAUX À ARGENTEUIL"; BY CLAUDE MONET. (1840-1926.)  
Lent by M. Edouard Esmond, Paris.



"LANDSCAPE"; BY C. F. DAUBIGNY. (1817-1878.)  
Lent by Sir Michael Sadler.



"MORET"; BY ALFRED SISLEY. (1840-1899.)  
Lent by D. W. F. Cargill, Esq.

## THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION: NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF "TROIS TAHITIENS" BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN AND CO.



"THE WHITE HORSE"; BY A. J. T. MONTICELLI. (1824-1886.)

Lent by the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow.



"LES TUILERIES"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO. (1830-1903.)

Lent by Mrs. Chester Beatty.

**A**MONG the more modern pictures in the French Art Exhibition at Burlington House, the Gauguins will certainly attract a very great deal of attention. There will be ten on view—"Trois Tahitiens," "Nevermore" (1897), "Te Rerisa" (1897), "Paysage Exotique, Martinique," "'Ia Orana Maria,'" "L'Esprit Veille," "Contes Barbares," "Paysage au Bord de la Mer," "Portrait de Vincent van Gogh," and "Deux Tahitiennes." Gauguin was born in Paris. His father was a Breton; his mother, a Peruvian Creole. In early life, he was on the Stock Exchange; but at thirty or so he began to paint, and a little later he gave up business. He founded the School of Pont-Aven. To translate Bénézit: "One of the oddest figures in modern art, a man whose soul so craved for independence and liberty that he chose to live and work in the open of Tahiti. Gauguin [Continued below.]



"LA BATAILLE DE POITIERS"; BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX. (1798-1863.)

Lent by the Louvre.



"TROIS TAHITIENS"; BY PAUL GAUGUIN. (1848-1903.)

Lent by Wildenstein and Co., Inc.



"THE BATHERS"; BY PAUL CÉZANNE. (1839-1906.)

Lent by Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill.



"LA SÉRÉNADE"; BY HONORÉ DAUMIER. (1808-1879.)

Lent by Sir Michael Sadler.

*Continued*

hated tradition, cursed such as Raphael, and asserted that his early studies of the Old Masters had falsified his vision." He thought of returning to Paris (from Martinique) in 1890, but, although Van Gogh and Pissarro were his great friends, freedom called him again and he set sail for Tahiti. "In 1893 an exhibition of his works was held in Paris, and the exotic scenes he showed flabbergasted the public, who, nevertheless, recognised their splendidly decorative qualities. To-day Gauguin is classed among the pioneer painters and his works are much sought."

He died in Dominica.

THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION:  
FIGURE SUBJECTS AND A COROT OF ROME.



"LES BÛCHERONNES"; BY J. F. MILLET. (1814-1875.)

Lent by Miss David.

REFERRING to but one of the artists here represented—Manet—we cannot do better than quote Mr. Eric G. Underwood's "Short History of French Painting": "Manet's pictures continued to be refused admission [to the Salon], and with them those of many other painters who afterwards ranked as masters; the number, indeed, became so great that, at the express wish of the Emperor, a special room was set aside in which the rejected pictures could be shown. . . . In spite of the sketchy and

[Continued below on right.]



"LE BAR DES FOLIES-BERGÈRE"; BY E. MANET. (1832-1883.)

Lent by S. Courtauld, Esq.



"MLLE. HORTENSE VALPINÇON"; BY H. G. E. DEGAS. (1834-1917.)

Lent by MM. N. et G. Wildenstein, Paris.



"BAIGNEUSE"; BY P. A. RENOIR. (1841-1920.)

Lent by M. Jacques Balsan, Paris.

*Continued.]*  
unfinished appearance of many of Manet's paintings, they are, in reality, the outcome of most painstaking and elaborate workmanship; for one of his finest portraits, that usually called 'Le Bon Bock,' his friend Belot, the engraver, gave him no less than eighty sittings."



"VIEW OF ROME"; BY J. B. C. COROT. (1796-1875.)

Lent by Lord Berners.



"ÉTUDE POUR LA BAIGNADE"; BY G. P. SEURAT. (1859-1891.)

Lent by D. W. F. Cargill, Esq.

## A SACRED THEATRE OF SHADOWS: SIAM'S DYED-DEERSKIN ACTORS.



NANG TALUNG CHARACTERS—MADE OUT OF LEATHER: FIGURES, VARYING IN SIZE ACCORDING TO THEIR IMPORTANCE, WHICH ARE USED TO ILLUSTRATE A NARRATIVE IN SIAM BY MEANS OF THEIR SHADOWS THROWN ON A SHEET.



MYTHOLOGICAL CHARACTERS OF NANG TALUNG: FLAT LEATHER PUPPETS REGARDED WITH SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD BY THE SIAMESE, TO WHOM THEY ILLUSTRATE ANCIENT LEGENDS.



MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURES OF NANG TALUNG, THE POPULAR SIAMESE MAGIC SHADOW-THEATRE—THAT ON THE LEFT CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE "GARUDA," WHICH APPEARS IN THE SIAMESE ROYAL COAT OF ARMS.



A PRINCESS, ATTENDED BY HER MAIDENS, VISITED BY A PRINCE IN HER PALACE: A SCENE IN A SIAMESE SHADOW-PLAY—THE UPRIGHT STICKS BY WHICH THE FIGURES ARE MANIPULATED CLEARLY VISIBLE.



A PRINCE IN NANG TALUNG—A FIGURE CUT OUT OF LEATHER AND COLOURED CREAM, RED, AND GREEN. (ABOUT 15½ IN. HIGH.)

stuck into the soft trunk of a banana-tree at the base of the screen. A really competent operator will make his dolls move with amazing grace and suppleness; while he has a different voice for every character and a rich fund of telling expressions. The stories he tells and illustrates in this way are culled mainly from Brahman mythology and ancient legends of the kings of old. One story has been known to last four nights, and, doubtless, some last longer. Always they are

THOSE who were interested in the illustrations of the Japanese marionettes in our last number will, no doubt, find the subject of the primitive Siamese shadow-theatre equally fascinating. In passing, we may note that, as the Siamese figures are regarded with superstitious reverence by the natives, the opportunity of photographing them occurs very rarely. The towns of Siam have, of course, been invaded by the European style of theatre and by the cinema, but the country outside the towns remains faithful to the ancient Siamese drama—to *Lakon*, a theatre of song, dance, and buffoonery; and to *Nang Talung*, which is illustrated here. *Nang Talung* is a corruption of *Nang Patalung*, which means "Leather of Patalung"; for the figures used are cut out of deerskin (and then dyed), and the idea apparently took hold first in Patalung (Southern Siam), although it is Javanese in origin. The figures themselves are looked on with great superstition, and one often hears of individuals who have foolishly touched them without the aid of a charm, and consequently are racked with pain or laid low with some strange malady. The players travel from village to village, the length of their stay depending on the extent of the public subscriptions. They erect a small hut, one side consisting of a sheet, against which the shadows of the figures are cast by the light of a lamp; the performance generally starts about 11 p.m. and continues through the night, to the accompaniment of gongs and cymbals. The audience squats outside, while the two operators tell their story and illustrate it by jiggling the figures about, moving the arms—and, with figures of commoners, the legs also—by means of thin slips of bamboo fastened to the limbs, and the jaws by means of string. The figures vary in height from about 18 to 12 in., according to their importance and rank. While a figure is not taking a principal part on the stage, the bamboo stick which supports it is

prefaced by some religious incantation, which often comes from the figure of a Buddhist priest. It is worth remarking that the first cinemas in Siam were the results of Japanese enterprise, and that when the Siamese saw figures flickering across a white screen, they inevitably thought of their own *Nang Talung* and dubbed the new theatre "*Nang Yipoon*"—"Leather of Japan"!—a strange derivation, likely to "floor" students of Siamese who are not familiar with the popular theatre.



A BUFFOON; WITH THE STICKS BY WHICH HANDS AND ARMS ARE MOVED, AND THE STRING BY WHICH THE HEAD IS WORKED.

# ROGUES, VAGABONDS, AND STURDY BEGGARS.

"POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT THROUGH THE AGES": By SAMUEL McKECHNIE.\*

(PUBLISHED BY SAMPSON LOW.)

WHAT is "popular" entertainment? The world of "variety" has, not without a certain self-disparagement, drawn a line of demarcation between itself and the "legitimate" drama. But it would be false to conclude that variety and knockabout and slapstick are illegitimate forms of amusement or of accomplishment. From the times of classical tragedy, on the one hand, and



PERFORMING ANIMALS, THEN, AS NOW, A POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT: TRICKS TAUGHT TO HORSES IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

the rude humours of fescennine, mime, and *fabula Atellana* on the other, there has always been a cleavage between that form of dramatic action which is cast in a remote, imaginary, and elevated world, and that which derives its effects from the elemental humours and contrarieties of actual life. It is not so much that popular entertainment moves in a world of the actual—few forms of art do that, and a great deal of popular entertainment has always been highly artificial—as that it makes its appeal only to average, and even possibly less than average, intelligence and emotion. Its method is direct, broad, hard-hitting, and lacking in allusive subtlety.

Its history has recently been explored, with notable erudition, by Professor Allardyce Nicoll in a volume which was recently reviewed in these pages (see *The Illustrated London News* of Aug. 29, 1931). Mr. McKechnie's book is of a different kind. It makes little pretension to learning: it is, indeed, somewhat superficial and haphazard, and its reflections upon the different types of popular entertainment are not always very impressive; but, within its limits, it is a pleasant enough book of jottings and observations on various forms of the showman's art, and its interest is enhanced by the fact that some of these forms are now much changed, or obsolescent, or even obsolete.

We are introduced first to the ancient and mediæval world of mimes, minstrels, gleemen, *jongleurs*, and troubadours—each one, at his best, a remarkable artist in his own kind, and each the ancestor of a lineage which is easy to trace even at the present day. The life of the gleeman, as sketched in *Widsith*, is one of the most interesting curiosities of surviving Anglo-Saxon literature, and in later times we are indebted to Chaucer, that bright and precious mirror of his age, for lively glimpses of the art of the conjurer, or *tregetour*. The *jongleur* was probably a "utility man" of singular versatility and accomplishment. Mr. McKechnie cites his stock-in-trade from an old manuscript (unnamed): "I can play the lute, the violin, the bagpipe, the syrinx, the harp, the gigue, the gittern, the symphony, the psaltery, the organistrum, the regals, the tabor, and the rebec. I can sing a song well, and make tales and fables. I can tell a story against any man. I can make love verses to please young ladies, and can play the gallant for them if necessary. Then I can throw knives into the air, and catch them without cutting my fingers. I can do dodges with string, most extraordinary and amusing. I can balance chairs and make tables dance. I can throw a somersault, and walk on my head."

A strenuous occupation! That of the troubadour, who was always a "lit'ry gent," rather than a popular entertainer, was less energetic and more decorous, and gradually became merged in "legitimate" literature. But in Provence, where the *trouvères* made a permanent contribution to poetry and history, their end was violent, for the Church declared a crusade against them as adherents of the Albigensian heresy. The minstrels of England, to whom literature is also indebted for the splendid legacy of our ballads, met with a less drastic but an equally decisive fate, when Elizabethan legislation declared all unlicensed "fencers, bear-leaders, common players, minstrels and jugglers" to be Rogues, Vagabonds, and

Sturdy Beggars, liable to the stocks, the whipping-post, and the gaol.

The bigots of an iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.

Probably to the advantage of the English stage, the disappearance or discouragement of free-lance strolling players led to the formation of those licensed troupes, "under distinguished patronage," who gave to the world what Defoe called, a hundred years later, "the naked and ornamental drama" of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans.

A fertile field of popular entertainment, and one which is still vigorously productive, was the Fair. Mr. McKechnie appropriately concentrates our attention on the great annual Bartholomew Fair, which flourished exceedingly until more sophisticated metropolitan tastes led to its decline and disappearance in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was undoubtedly an institution of immense popularity, and not even the Puritans dared to assail it; and it also serves as a nursery of more serious arts than those of the booth-showman, for many noted comedians found useful experience there, and men like Henry Fielding and Colley Cibber did not disdain to join the ranks of its *entrepreneurs*. Its boisterous revelry is perhaps best described by some lines which Mr. McKechnie quotes from George Alexander Stevens—

There was drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and show-ing of postures,  
With frying black puddings and opening of oysters;  
With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squalling,  
The tap-house guests roaring and mouth-pieces bawling;  
Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,  
Bawds, bairies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and tailors:

Here's Punch's whole play of the Gunpowder Plot,  
Wild beasts all alive, and peas-pudding all hot;  
Fine sausages fried, and the Black on the wire;  
The whole Court of France, and nice pig at the fire;  
Here's the up-and-downs, Who'll take a seat in the chair?  
Though there's more up-and-downs than at Bartelmy Fair.

The rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars of Italy had been more fortunate than their English brethren in developing a form of drama which held popular favour for more than two centuries, and which is still with us, though in sadly attenuated and inconsequent form. Mr. McKechnie sketches adequately the curious history and constituent elements of the "Commedia dell' Arte," which is of interest not only for its influence on such writers as Goldoni, Molière, and (there is some ground for thinking) Shakespeare himself, but for its still-living progeny, Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot, Scaramouche, Pantaloone, and, in a great measure, the conventional Clown. For fuller and authoritative details, the reader is referred to Professor Allardyce Nicoll's volume, above mentioned. Though Italian players visited England, the chief influence of the "Commedia dell' Arte" on English entertainment was indirect. To it, and to the highly developed Italian art of the puppet-show, we are certainly indebted for Punch, who seems to have come to England with the Royalists about 1660. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, Punch had a theatre of his own in Covent Garden, where he presented many "fantastick and childish entertainments" (the words are Defoe's) of great popularity. The exact evolution of the Punch-and-Judy drama is not known, though it has unmistakable affinities not

only with the "Commedia dell' Arte," but with the Morality plays. It seems, from an interesting example which Mr. McKechnie quotes, that the form and incidents of the story were fairly well settled by the beginning of the nineteenth century, and have changed little since. It is a quaint example of the a-morality of children that this tale of

the triumph of ruffianly wickedness should have been chosen as the entertainment *par excellence* for the infant mind! The Italian grotesques first established themselves on the English stage at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in 1717 Drury Lane presented the first English piece which was described as "pantomime"—wordless dancing and mime in the true sense of the term. The subsequent history of English pantomime, which is very well described by Mr. McKechnie, shows the gradual invasion of speech and song into dumb-show, the increasing predominance of spectacle and stage-carpentry, and the steady decline of the Harlequinade, until it has now become a somewhat perfunctory tag-end, which is the signal for collecting hats and coats. So long as the incomparable Grimaldi survived (Mr. McKechnie gives a very interesting sketch of his art and career), a highly expert Clownery was of the essence of pantomime; but it gradually yielded to the more miscellaneous entertainment which originally was only an "opening" or prelude to the Harlequinade. The process was hastened by the invasion, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, of pantomime by music-hall performers. It seems to have been only in the last fifty years that pantomime has wedded itself indissolubly to a limited number of traditional nursery-stories.

The "Halls," and their rapid evolution from the tavern



THE PRECURSOR OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH: A MAGIC-LANTERN SHOW IN 1858—A WOOD-ENGRAVING IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Reproductions from "Popular Entertainments Through the Ages." By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Ltd.

free-and-easy, naturally and rightly occupy a place of honour in this volume, for the music hall is, or was, perhaps the most characteristically British of all popular entertainments. Mr. McKechnie, with the aid of well-chosen illustrations, revives the triumphs of Victorian idols like George Leybourne, The Great Vance, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Herbert Campbell, Charles Coborn, Albert Chevalier, Alec Hurley, Marie Lloyd, Lottie Collins, Nellie Farren, and many others who have not even yet entirely ceased to be household words. Alas! that the genius of low comedy is utterly unreproducible by the printed word! Cold print leaves us profoundly puzzled as to why Grimaldi's famous song, "Hot Codlings," took the town; and was it the *naïveté* of audiences, or the sheer triumph of personality which made such words as these "the rage" of a generation?—

Slap bang, here we are again!  
Here we are again, here we are again!  
Slap bang, here we are again!  
Such jolly dogs are we.  
Yes—we always are so jolly, oh!  
So jolly, oh! Quite jolly, oh!  
We always are so jolly, oh!  
Such jolly dogs are we!

Yet the art of the red-nosed comedian reached a high degree of technique as well as of native talent, and even higher was the virtuosity, generally produced by the most patient and rigorous training, of the "artistes" in feats of skill and daring. It will be long before we see anything comparable to the astonishing performances of Paul Cinquevalli.

But the Halls have fought a discouraging battle with the picture "palaces," and this last and now triumphant form of popular entertainment is clearly traced by Mr. McKechnie through its rapid stages of development to its present somewhat perturbing world-sovereignty. Mr. McKechnie's final study of popular entertainment is one to which he has evidently devoted special attention—the circus. Its history for something more than a century, from Astley's to Olympia, makes attractive reading, and we are given many realistic glimpses, not easily to be found elsewhere, into the queer, nomadic, exciting life of the sawdust ring and its behind-the-scenes. Cherished recollections of childhood should lead us all to share Mr. McKechnie's affection and gratitude for this most thrilling achievement of the showman's art; and we hope that there are still boys who can see in it the acme of human delight, and say, with Huckleberry Finn: "Well, I dunno: there may be bullier circuses than what that one was, but I don't expect to see none!"

C. K. A.



A SCREEN EFFECT OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MAGIC LANTERN: THE "PHANTAS-MAGORIA," IN WHICH THE SCREEN IS BETWEEN THE SPECTATOR AND THE LANTERN.

only with the "Commedia dell' Arte," but with the Morality plays. It seems, from an interesting example which Mr. McKechnie quotes, that the form and incidents of the story were fairly well settled by the beginning of the nineteenth century, and have changed little since. It is a quaint example of the a-morality of children that this tale of

## THE TOMB BUILT FOR ZAGHLUL PASHA TO BE AN EGYPTIAN PANTHEON.



THE TOMB WHICH WAS BUILT FOR ZAGHLUL PASHA, BUT IS TO HOUSE TWENTY-FIVE HEROES OF ANCIENT EGYPT: THE CAIRO MAUSOLEUM WHICH IS TO BE A PANTHEON.

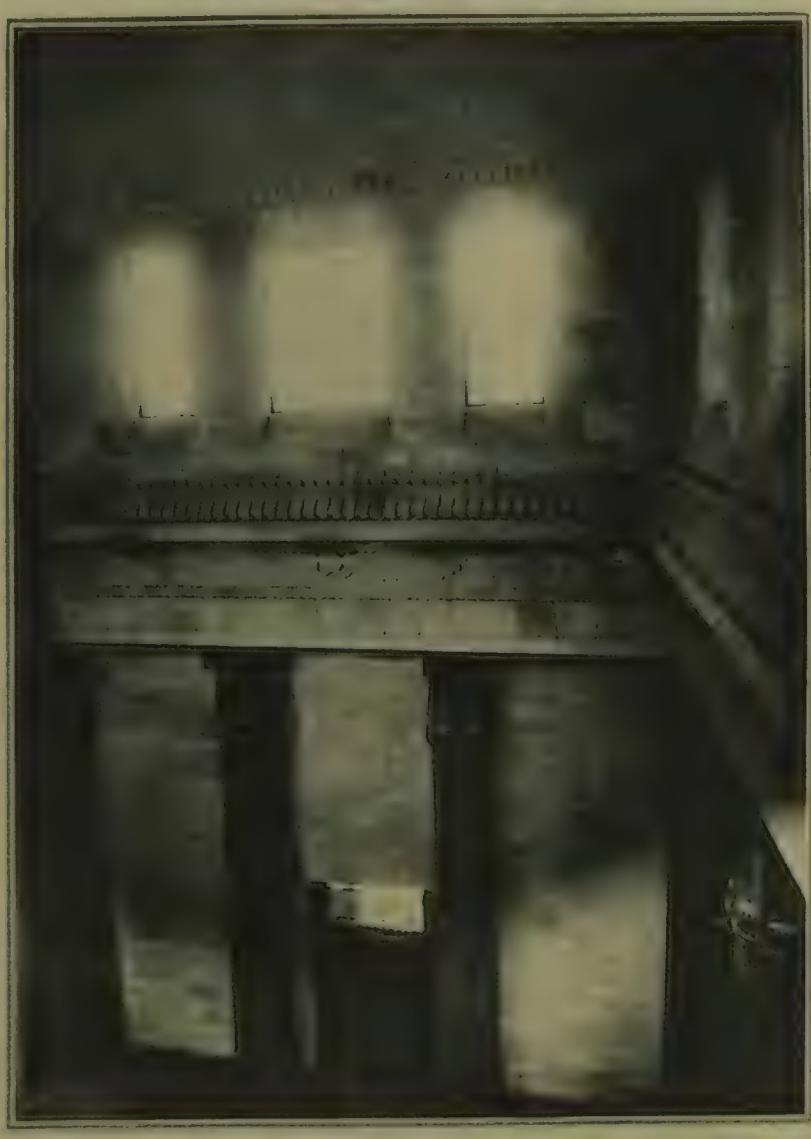


THE FINELY CONCEIVED DOORWAY OF THE NEW PANTHEON IN CAIRO, WHICH WAS DESIGNED BY MUSTAPHA BEY FAHMY FOR ZAGHLUL PASHA: ARCHITECTURE WHICH RECALLS THE GREATNESS OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.



THE INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON, TO WHICH TWENTY-FIVE MUMMIES ARE TO BE TRANSFERRED FROM THE CAIRO MUSEUM: A VIEW SHOWING THE CATAFALQUE.

Our readers will remember that in our last issue we touched on the subject of the new building in Cairo which is destined to be a mausoleum for heroes of old Egypt. The story of how this purpose was evolved is a very strange one, not unmixed with comedy. In 1927 the Wafd Cabinet voted moneys for the construction of a mausoleum for Saad Pasha Zaghlul, the Nationalist leader, who had recently died. Work was completed not long ago, during the rival régime of Ismail Pasha Sidky. It was felt by the Sidky Cabinet that the tomb, erected at a cost of £41,000, was too magnificent to hold the mortal remains of a single



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON: THE LIMESTONE FRIEZE OF COBRA DESIGN RESTING ON HUGE PILLARS OF BROWN ARTIFICIAL GRANITE.

man, and it was suggested to Mme. Zaghlul that her husband should share it with other Egyptian national heroes of the recent past and of the future. Mme. Zaghlul, however, refused to allow her husband's bones to be removed from the cemetery under such conditions; whereupon the Government decided that the mausoleum should be reserved for the mummies of twenty-five heroes of ancient Egypt. Exceptional interest attaches to one of the mummies concerned—that of a hydrocephalic young man hitherto believed to have been the heretic King Akhenaten—for it has been reported that the mummy is really that of Semenkara.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OUR "rough island story," in which we are just about to write a new chapter, has been largely a story of the sea. In this first week of 1932, therefore, I lead off with a batch of books on maritime matters, past and present, in war and peace. Of late, we have been concerned rather with the commercial side of shipping, as exemplified in the episode of the new Cunarder. On my particular list, however, the most recent and important work is one recalling a "sea affair" belonging to the annals of the Navy. It is entitled "ENDLESS STORY." Being an Account of the Work of the Destroyers, Flotilla-leaders, Torpedo-boats, and Patrol Boats in the Great War. By "Taffrail" (Captain Taprell Dorling, R.N., D.S.O.). With coloured Frontispiece by Charles Pears, R.O.I., and other Illustrations (line-drawings and maps) by Captain R. T. Amedroz, R.N. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.)

"Taffrail's" excellent book may be commended especially to the younger generation of readers, whether their motive be a desire to know what the Navy did in the Great War or merely a taste for true tales of daring and adventure. On the historical side it contains valuable records of personal experiences in great actions or phases of the war, such as Jutland, the Dardanelles adventure, and the operations against U-boats. Grim as the subject is, the book is lightened by many gleams of sailorly humour. Thus the author recalls that, on the publication of his naval story, "Pincher Martin, O.D." (written during brief leisure in war time), he received, among other anonymous tributes, a poem (given in full) which, though complimentary, aroused "hoots of ribald merriment" when read out in the wardroom, and some criticism for its inaccurate picture of life in a destroyer. "As it contained the words 'my darling' no less than fourteen times, we came to the conclusion it must be intended as a cradle-song. The engineer lieutenant commander strongly objected to the asperion cast upon his department by the line, 'Where the engines pound and clatter.' . . . Neither could we see ourselves 'round the table' on Saturday night at sea in war time, drinking the time-honoured toast, 'Sweethearts and wives,' with the waggish member of the mess murmuring under his breath, 'May they never meet!'" Or again, take this bit of dialogue about a certain coxswain who under fire had been stirred to impatience. "The wind of a passing projectile had merely removed his cap. He looked at me with a wry smile, his face, streaked with perspiration, rather redder than usual. 'Strewth, Sir!' he said. 'This is no place for a married man!' It wasn't."

On two points raised in "Taffrail's" book—the Merchant Navy's part in the war and the causes of failure in Gallipoli, pertinent comments occur in "HOME FROM THE SEA." By Sir Arthur H. Rostron, R.N.R. (late Commodore of the Cunard Fleet). Illustrated (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). The author was for nine years in command of the *Mauretania* (partly in war time), and after the war, for four years, of the *Berengaria*. He alludes briefly to the building of the new Cunarder planned as "the greatest ship ever floated," though not, of course, to the recent suspension of work upon her, after the issue of his book. "I shall not be on her bridge," he concludes. "I have made my last voyage in command of an ocean liner. . . . It is, perhaps, a good thing to finish your days in harness. But there's something to be said for the Home Port at the end of the job."

Sir Arthur's reminiscences of over forty years at sea, by sail and steam, are as interesting as any I have read. They should appeal to Americans, of whom he writes with warm admiration, as well as to British readers. It was not only the war period that brought him dramatic experiences. He had commanded the *Carpathia* when she rushed to aid the *Titanic*, and he describes vividly that greatest of peace-time sea tragedies. Being among those who lost a relative in it, I found this chapter very moving. While explaining the natural cause of the disaster—an exceptional prevalence of ice that year—he reveals incidentally a glimpse of the sailor's tendency to superstition. "Titanic! . . . If you look in your dictionary you will find: Titans, a race of people vainly striving to overcome the forces of nature. Could anything be more unfortunate than such a name; anything more significant?"

With nine other nautical books space compels me to be more brief than they deserve. Three of them refer to the war years. A line from "Macbeth" lends its title to "STRANGE INTELLIGENCE." Memoirs of Naval Secret Service. By Hector C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby (Constable; 10s. 6d.). This volume treats of British Naval Secret Service work, before and during the war, and consists almost entirely of material hitherto unpublished. One significant chapter—"Why Jutland was Indecisive"—attributes the fact to our use of the wrong type of shell, and to German superiority not only in that respect, but in the greater solidity of their armour protection. Here are bones of contention for experts. Alluding to the importance of rapidly identifying war-ships at sea, the author mentions the extraordinary skill of the late Mr. Fred T. Jane, founder of the famous "Fighting Ships" annual, whose uncanny knowledge of detail often astounded naval officers.

Another chapter, "The Men Who Heard the U-boats Talk," links up with the next item on my list—"THE LOG OF A U-BOAT COMMANDER"; or, U-Boats Westward—1914-1918. By Ernst Hashagen, Commander late Imperial German Navy. With thirty-four Illustrations and three Maps (Putnam; 10s. 6d.). The most interesting event in this book is the author's appearance, at a League of Nations meeting in Reading, on the same platform with a

shows the part played by privateers, as fighting ships of the Mercantile Marine, in the sea-history of the Empire, as also of the United States. It is an eventful narrative, told with much spirit and well pictured from old prints.

Kindred motives have inspired a book that emanates from Australian waters—"SAILING THE WORLD'S EDGE." Sea Stories from Old Sydney. By Thomas Dunbabin, author of "The Making of Australasia." Illustrated (Cape; 12s. 6d.). The author offers his work, drawn from original material, as a contribution towards the building of "the epics of the sea-history of Australasia." Such chapter titles as "The Last of the Buccaneers" and "An Empire-Builder who Went Wrong" give a clue to the character of this interesting chronicle.

Nearer to our own day was the notorious adventurer who now figures as hero of a finely illustrated volume called "BULLY HAYES." South Sea Pirate. By Basil Lubbock (Martin Hopkinson; 25s.). This is a rollicking biography spun from yarns told aboard ship, often in the author's own hearing. Anticipating any suggestion that his book is merely a rogues' gallery of the South Seas, Mr. Lubbock says: "Certainly Bully Hayes does head a motley gang of ex-convicts, head-hunters, beachcombers, blackbirders, and renegade harpooners; but mention is also made of the undaunted missionaries, the high-spirited men-of-war's men, and the enterprising skippers of the South Sea whalers. One cannot make a good sea-pie without all the ingredients." It is a pie from which I could pull out many a plum if I only had somewhere to put them.

Ships and sailors of all sorts and conditions, again, play a predominant part in the events recorded in "THE ROMANCE OF BURIED TREASURE." By T. C. Bridges. Illustrated (Nisbet; 8s. 6d.). Here we have a theme made topical of late by the salvage efforts on the wreck of the *Egypt*. That particular story does not figure here, but there are others of a similar kind, such as the recovery of some £4,750,000 bullion from the *Laurentic*, sunk by a German mine or torpedo off Malin Head in 1917. Among a score or so of other treasure-hunting tales are those of the Spanish galleon of the Armada sunk in Tobermory Bay, and of the lost eighteenth-century frigate *Lutine*, whose bell rings twice at Lloyd's to announce an arrival or once to knell a good ship lost.

Mr. Basil Lubbock's "various books on shipping history" are among the sources acknowledged by the author of "OCEAN RACERS." By Cicely Fox Smith. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 15s.). "It is the aim of this volume," we read, "to gather together between the covers of one book records of some of the principal races between sailing-ships during,

roughly, the period from the eighteen-forties to the early nineteen-hundreds. . . . It deals entirely with utility ships, and not with yacht races." The author pours scorn on modern attempts to revive the old-time contests. "Ocean racing," she concludes, "as it was understood in the days of the clipper ships and their immediate successors, is now definitely a thing of the past."

Hitherto the barge has been mainly celebrated in fiction, as in the amusing stories of W. W. Jacobs or A. P. Herbert, unless we include that "dusky barge"—

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, which bore King Arthur to his rest. The modern successor to that mystic bark can now boast its serious historian—for the first time, according to the author of "SAILING BARGES." By Frank G. G. Carr. Illustrated from Photographs. With Drawings by R. C. Bingham (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.). This is a book that every Londoner should read for its historical interest, and there is a chapter on "Barges as Yachts" that will appeal to marine caravanners. The illustrations are exceptionally attractive and abundant. So upon the deck of a Thames barge, as it were, I put out into the unknown waters of a New Year, recalling that scene where the bold Sir Bedivere lamented the days gone by—

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

C. E. B.



NEW TESTIMONY TO THE MIGHT OF THE CAESARS IN THE NEAR EAST: A ROMAN FRONTIER ROAD BESIDE A SYRIAN DESERT REVEALED BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY—SHOWING (RIGHT FOREGROUND) PART OF THE AEROPLANE FROM WHICH THE VIEW WAS TAKEN.

On the opposite page are two other remarkable French air photographs revealing unsuspected traces of Roman military works in Syria—new evidence on the far-flung empire of the Caesars in the Near East. Regarding the above subject, we read: "Leading from the Jebel Seys, a post established by Diocletian beside the volcanic desert, 100 kilometres south-west of Damascus, an ancient track was perceived, in 1927, sunk in the desert across the white sand of the Khabras and the black basalts of the Haras. Invisible on the ground, it was flown over and photographed in 1931. At one point was found a look-out station for

Roman cavalry, with signs of an area arranged for pasture."—[Photograph by Boysson.]

British officer (Commander Lewis), whose "Q" ship he had torpedoed and sunk twelve years before. Commander Lewis, who has testified to the courtesy and consideration which he received as a prisoner, came across his captor's name after the war, and invited him to England to help in promoting a better understanding between the two nations.

The third item in this group of war books—"GALLANT GENTLEMEN." By E. Keble Chatterton. With thirty-two Illustrations and five Maps (Hurst and Blackett; 10s. 6d.)—contains records of memorable actions and adventures told from the best of all sources—private diaries, personal narratives, letters, and talks with men who took part in the events described. "Here, for example," writes the author, "we get at the reason why the *Goeben* and *Breslau* escaped; the cause of the Coronel disaster: the thrilling chase and sinking of *Nürnberg* at the Falklands are given by the principal eye-witness, whose mind directed the very operations."

Next I come to a trio of books telling of unofficial sea-fights in former days, of the gentle art of piracy, and various other forms of adventurous seafaring. In "PRIVATE MEN-OF-WAR." By Charles Wye Kendall. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 15s.), the author's object has been to fill a gap by providing, in a single volume, a coherent and consecutive history of privateering from its beginnings nearly 700 years ago. He supplies a corroborative answer also to Sir Arthur Rostron's question—"Was it not the Merchant Navy that gave birth to the Royal Navy?" and

## THE WIDE-FLUNG HAND OF ROME: REVELATIONS BY AIR PHOTOGRAPHY.

AIR SURVEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOYSSON, ASSEMBLED BY THE COMPAGNIE AÉRIENNE FRANÇAISE.



ROMAN MILITARY WORKS IN SYRIA DISCOVERED FROM THE AIR: A "MOSAIC" OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS REVEALING THE SYSTEM OF CULTIVATION AND WATER-SUPPLY FOR AN ANCIENT ROMAN FRONTIER POST, AT QASR AL KHER, ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN PALMYRA AND DAMASCUS—(LEFT) A WATER-CONDUIT LEADING TO A STONE RESERVOIR, AND ROUND IT TO AN ARABLE AREA; (RIGHT) THE CASTELLUM (FORT) AND CIRCULAR ROMAN WELLS.



A MONUMENT OF ROMAN ENGINEERING ON THE SYRIAN FRONTIERS OF THE EMPIRE OF THE CÆSARS: THE AL KHARBAGA BARRAGE (LEFT CENTRE) CONSTRUCTED TO CATCH WATER FROM THE WADI BASSIRI FOR A ROMAN FORT—SHOWING THE RESERVOIR (TO LEFT) NOW CHOKED WITH MUD AND SCORED BY RAIN, AND (BEYOND TO RIGHT) TRACES OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN ROAD INVISIBLE ON THE GROUND BUT REVEALED BY THIS AIR PHOTOGRAPH.

Fresh evidence of the far-flung power of the Roman Empire, in its Asiatic provinces, has been obtained by a recent French air survey of archaeological sites in Syria. As in this country, at Woodhenge and elsewhere, aerial photography revealed many traces of Roman roads and buildings which were invisible on the ground and whose very existence had previously been quite unsuspected. The interest of the examples given here lies in the various details they disclose concerning Roman military works and organisation on the outer frontiers, for defence against the Parthians and the Persians. Discussing the results of these air surveys, a French writer points out three main periods of Roman activity—

first, under Trajan in the second century; then at the end of the third century, under Diocletian; and lastly, the end of the fourth century, closing with the Arabian conquest. "Trajan," we read, "bolder than Augustus, who had fixed the Roman frontier at the bend of the Euphrates before Antioch, made a great fortified road linking Akaba, on the Red Sea, with the mouth of the Phasis, on the Black Sea, and formed a great triangle of roads, whose military centre was Nisibis. Diocletian consolidated Trajan's line of advance towards the Tigris, multiplying and strengthening forts on the frontier. He also formed a double line of parallel roads, equipped with fortified posts, wells, and areas of pasture."



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ON more than one occasion I have had to thank readers of this page for suggestions, or help in the form of specimens likely to furnish interesting themes. And now I must do this yet again, for a few days ago I received from Dr. Heck, the Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, a perfectly delightful letter, declaring that in his opinion *The Illustrated London News* was the best of all magazines—wherein I agree with him—and then going on to speak of the

We may assume that the wood-dog is nocturnal, if only because it has so rarely been seen by collectors. But from what has been gleaned from the native Indians it would appear to be very fierce, to hunt in packs, and to take readily to water. Captive specimens seem to have proved very indiscriminate in the matter of their food, but to prefer an animal to a vegetable diet. In its general appearance, the wood-dog is of about the size of a small badger. It is a short-eared, short-legged, long-bodied animal, with a rather large neck, and of a general brown coloration. But the head, neck, and shoulders are grey, while the hind-quarters, tail, and under-parts are black. It is, however, on account of the peculiarities of the teeth that the bush-dog is separated from the true dogs, and of these more must be said presently.

For the moment I want to touch on a second species of bush-dog which, in some matters, is even more remarkable than *Speothos venaticus*. This second species, *Speothos rivi*, was discovered in 1906, during a surveying expedition in the high Andes of Quito, Ecuador. Two skins and skulls were sent to the Paris Museum. It is evidently nearer to the ancestral form than the Brazilian species, since it has

been likened by some to a marten, while others describe it as so like a badger as to suggest that it has a closer affinity to this animal than to the dog. Its coat was quite different from that of a dog, and resembled rather that of the kinkajou, or of an opossum. Its general hue was of a mouse-grey colour, while the tail had a curiously flattened shape, with a vane of long hairs on each side.

To revert now to the teeth of *Speothos*. In the first place, they are much more like those of the true dogs—using this term to include wolf and fox—than those of the badger, which are reminiscent of those of the bear. This is an important point. At the same time it must be remembered that teeth are sensitively adaptive structures, changing both in number and form with changing habits of feeding. When the survey of teeth is extended to embrace those of all the

carnivora, some truly surprising transformations are discovered.

Among the *Felidae*, the jaws have become shortened. One can see this at a glance in comparing, say, the skull of a cat with that of a dog or fox. In these last two, what are known as the "cheek-teeth," or pre-molars—those following immediately behind the canines—are four in number, in both upper and lower jaws, while there are two upper molars, and three in the lower jaw. The first upper molar is a large tooth, with its transverse diameter exceeding that of the long axis, and it bears five large cusps. The second molar is much smaller, but functional. In the cats, on the other hand, there are but three pre-molars, of which the last is a relatively enormous tooth. Behind this is but a single molar, reduced to vestigial proportions.

Still more emphatic and more surprising features are brought to light when we examine the teeth of types which have widely departed from the habits of their tribe in the matter of their feeding. Sometimes we are able to say definitely what is the nature of this



1. THE SKULL OF AN IMMATURE BUSH-DOG: A PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH THE LAST, OR SECOND, MOLAR CAN JUST BE SEEN BEHIND THE FIRST; WHILE THE PERMANENT CANINE IS SEEN DEVELOPING, NOT HAVING YET DESCENDED COMPLETELY FROM ITS SOCKET.

pleasure which this particular page always afforded him. For this most gratifying assurance I have already sent him my most sincere thanks. But he did more than this: as a proof of his goodwill towards us he offered to send me, from time to time, photographs of some of the treasures of the Berlin Gardens. Here is generosity which is almost overwhelming. When I propose "A health to Dr. Heck!" I feel sure that my Editor, and my readers, will join with me in crying "Hoch!"

The accompanying photographs of that rare animal, the "Forest-Dog," or "Bush-Dog" (*Speothos venaticus*), are the first fruits of Dr. Heck's goodwill. It is not only a rare, but also an extremely interesting animal, inasmuch as it represents one of the primitive or early types from which the dog tribe of to-day has arisen. Until comparatively recently, indeed, it was known only from its fossil remains, found in caves in Brazil. Then, to general surprise, the living animal turned up, also in Brazil, as well as in British Guiana.

Of the habits of *Speothos*—the wood-dog, or bush-dog—we know very little. A few years ago one was living in our own Zoological Gardens, and this, I believe, was the first known example of the animal in captivity. The wood-dog in the Berlin Zoological Gardens is probably the only one now living in Europe. No doubt Dr. Heck will keep it under close observation, and will, in due course, give us an account of its habits. For it is not to be supposed that wild animals when caged become mere automata, though it needs a trained observer to interpret their behaviour. Their deep-seated, instinctive habits will assert themselves, more especially if they can be kept in an environment which simulates their natural surroundings.



2. THE SKULL OF THE AARD-WOLF (*PROTELES*): AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE JAWS OF A CARNIVOROUS ANIMAL—RELATED TO THE CIVETS—MAY BECOME MODIFIED BY Apeculiar DIET—in THIS CASE "SOFT FOOD," SUCH AS CARRION, INSECT LARVÆ, AND TERMITES.

This animal has lost practically all but its front teeth and canines, for "the cheek-teeth" are reduced to small triangular pegs, set wide apart on each side of the aard-wolf's enormously wide palate.

departure: sometimes we can only infer it. One of the most striking instances of this kind is furnished by that strange animal, the "aard-wolf," or earth-wolf, of the Dutch colonists of the Cape, which is related on the one hand to the civet tribe (of which the well-known civet and the mongoose may be taken as examples) and on the other to the hyenas. All these, with one exception, have typically carnivorous teeth, and in the hyenas, indeed, the cheek-teeth are enormous.

In the aard-wolf (*Proteles*), which externally resembles the small striped hyena, the cheek-teeth are reduced to four small, laterally compressed, triangular vestiges, spaced wide apart (Fig. 2) on either side of a palate remarkable for its great breadth. The fourth, and hindmost, tooth represents the first molar. Now, we know that the aard-wolf is a burrower and nocturnal, and feeds upon carrion, insect larvæ, and termites. The canines and incisors are not conspicuously small. They are needed to tear off flesh from decomposing bodies. This, however, needs no chewing—neither do the soft bodies of larvæ and termites—hence the degeneration of the cheek-teeth.

And now we may return to the teeth of the bush-dog (*Speothos venaticus*). These indicate a very decidedly carnivorous animal, for the outer pair of incisors are markedly larger than the rest. They are actually larger than in the fox. The two inner pairs of the upper jaw have small lateral cusps, as in the dog, for example, but not in the fox. The cheek-teeth are of a heavier type than in the fox. But the molars are smaller, and this is especially true of the last molar, which is reduced to a mere tubercle in both upper and lower jaws. We await, with no little interest, Dr. Heck's observations on the habits of his rare captive, and more especially its preferences in regard to food.



3. THE BUSH-DOG (*SPEOTHOS VENATICUS*): AN EXTREMELY RARE ANIMAL—ONCE KNOWN ONLY FROM FOSSILS, BUT SINCE FOUND LIVING IN BRAZIL AND BRITISH GUIANA AND SUCCESSFULLY KEPT IN CAPTIVITY IN EUROPE.

The bush-dog is interesting not only for its rarity, but because it represents one of the primitive or early types from which the dog tribe of to-day has arisen. The photograph reproduced here was taken in the Berlin "Zoo," and sent to the writer of this page as a token of the Director's admiration for

"The Illustrated London News" weekly science articles.

## CURIOSITIES OF SNOW FORMATION: EFFECTS OF WINTER'S SCULPTURE.



JACK FROST IN FREAKISH MOOD: (CENTRE) SNOW-CLAD BUILDINGS IN THE GIANT MOUNTAINS, WITH A SNOW "CAT" ON A ROOF; (UPPER LEFT) A "RAGING SEA" OF SNOW IN THE BLACK FOREST; (UPPER RIGHT) A TREE AT ST. MORITZ TURNED INTO A NATURAL "SNOW-MAN."



THE RODIN TOUCH IN NATURE'S WINTER STATUARY: A GROUP OF FIR-TREES IN SILESIA TRANSFORMED BY SNOW INTO WEIRD SHAPES OF GIANTS AND MONSTERS, INCLUDING A DINOSAUR (CENTRE BACKGROUND), A LION (NEXT TO RIGHT), AND FIGURES IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WIGS (RIGHT FOREGROUND).

Nature often proves herself to be a sculptor of strange power, rivalling the efforts of a Rodin or an Epstein, whether her medium be the solid rock or the more malleable material that winter provides in the form of ice and snow. The illustrations given here are sufficient, we think, to support this proposition. They represent some very curious snow formations. The group of buildings

shown in the upper large photograph are in the region of the Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains) of Silesia. On the roof in the right foreground is a hump of snow resembling a large cat, while to the top of the tower a human figure seems to be clinging. The snow-covered trees in the lower photograph present an extraordinary group of monstrous shapes, both human and animal.



In recent years a great many people have learnt to appreciate the decorative value of old maps, with their pleasant colouring and delightful little ships and sea-monsters, with the result that their scientific value has been overlooked, and hundreds of fine bound atlases have been dismembered and their plates sold singly. I rather deplore this fashion, if only because a complete atlas is as thrilling a romance as any novel, while at the same time admitting that if, for example, one lives in Hertfordshire, there are few more pleasant and more interesting methods of adorning the corner of a room than by hanging up a seventeenth-century map of the county. A recent exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery was a useful reminder of the learning and ability of the greatest of our own makers of maps at a time when a map was a work of art as well as a scientific utilitarian document.

John Speed was born in 1552, and followed his father's business as a tailor, but managed to change one system of mensuration for another. His ambitions were furthered by Sir Fulk Greville, the first Lord Brooke, of whom he writes: "His merits to meward I do acknowledge in setting this hand free from the daily imployment of a manuall trade and giving it full liberty thus to express the inclination of my mind, being the procurer of my present estate." His great cartographical work was the "Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine," published in 1611, a collection of fifty-four maps of England and Wales which had been issued separately, and were finally bound together, together with a description of each county. The style is most attractive—fine, rotund sentences, graced by a thousand pretty conceits which add an extraordinary charm to an otherwise matter-of-fact account of natural features. Thus of Cambridgeshire he says: "The soil doth differ both in air and commodities; the Fenny surcharged with waters; the South is Champion, and yieldeth Corn in abundance, with Meadowing-pastures upon both sides of the River Came, which divides that part of the Shire in the midst, upon whose Eastbank the Muses have built their most sacred Seat, where with plenteous increase they have continu'd for these many hundred years." How much nicer to read this than the bald statement: "On the east bank of the Cam is the University Town of Cambridge!"

THE ISLE OF MAN  
EXACTLY DESCRIBED, AND INTO PLATES BOUND  
THIS ISLAND, WITH EVERIE TOWNE, VILLAGE,  
BAYE, CREEKE, AND RIVER, ETC., ETC., ETC.  
THE BOUNDARIES, COASTS, AND BAYES, ETC., ETC., ETC.,  
ARE CIRCLED IN THEIR SOUTHERN EDGES, AND  
BY THE COMPASS ACCORDINGLY SHOWN, WITH  
THEIR TRUE DISTANCE FROM THIS PLACE.—  
SEE THAT ISLAND BY A JOURNEY  
SILE ASKED.

DESCRIBED  
BY  
THO DURVILAM  
ANO. 1595

THIS SCALE IS ONE WITH THE  
ISLAND IT IS DRAWN TO BE  
AS NEARLY AS CAN BE MADE.

THE CHARM OF THE OLD  
VILLAGE BAYE CREKE AND  
This delightful map is remarkable in the usual manner," while the other is an ingenious arrangement to show the boundaries. It will be noticed that the animals on the back of the map are arranged in a way that suggests the assigning of

John Speed's erudition sometimes makes him a trifle owlish, and legend and fact are as often as not all one in his eyes, but in this he is but the child of his time, and it would be as absurd to quarrel with his conception of history as with his naive sea-monsters.

# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN ENGLISH CARTOGRAPHER—JOHN SPEED.

By FRANK DAVIS

He is an admirable mirror of his age ; one can see in him its prejudices, its insularities, its morose and sullen religious animosities. Let me illustrate at random. Here is a map of France : at the back is a description of the country. Our Jacobean worthy does not quite approve of the French : like his Victorian descendants, he finds them rather wicked " For the most part they are of a fiery spirit for the first onset in any action, but will soon flagg. They desire change of fortunes ; and pass not greatly whether to better or worse. Their women are very jocund, of a voluble tongue, and as free of their speech, complemental to strangers, and win more by their wit than their beauty : one and t'other are great enticers of mens affections ; and they enjoy them as freely and securely, without either check of conscience, or care of report." As for the nobility, " they have been reported to be liberal ; but I suppose that fashion is now worn out : myself have especially noted the contrary in divers, which respect their purse more than their honour, and let pass the service and deserts of worthy persons unrewarded, as if their gracious acceptance were a sufficient return of thanks for any office a man can do them. The Papists," he continues later, " are likely to continue the stronger hand, as long as their holy Father shall make murder a meritorious act. For by their several massacres

The map of the Isle of Man is particularly amusing, because the large expanse of sea gives the artist an admirable opportunity to introduce irrelevant decorations—a sea-fight, four monsters ridden by people carrying flags, and two other ships. This map is also remarkable for the device of two different scales, one which "conteyneth the Miles of the Island itselfe, and is to be measured according to the usuall manner," the other "is to be measured from the Compasse in the midst of the island unto the bordering coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales"—a most ingenious arrangement to show the relative position of the mainland, while at the same time making the island stretch from top to bottom of the map.

Other maps—that of France, for example—have along the top little views of the chief towns, and down the sides pictures of the King, the Queen, a merchant, a merchant's wife, and so on; while that of Cambridgeshire is adorned with a plan of Cambridge, the Royal Arms, the arms of the colleges, the arms of "such Princes and noble men as have heretofore borne the honorable titles and dignities of the Earldome of Cambridge," and four figures in academical dress. I hope I have indicated something of John Speed's quality. He is



THE CHARM OF THE OLD MAP: "THE ISLE OF MAN, EXACTLY DESCRIBED AND INTO SEVERAL PARISHES DIVIDED, WITH EVERY TOWNE VILLAGE BAYE CREKE AND RIVER THEREIN CONTEYNED," BY JOHN SPEED, A WELL-KNOWN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CARTOGRAPHER. This delightful map is remarkable for being drawn upon two scales, one of which "conteyneth the Miles of the Island itselfe, and is to be measured according to the usual manner," while the other "is to be measured from the Compasse in the midst of the island unto the bordering coasts of England Scotland Ireland and Wales"—an ingenious arrangement to show the relative position of the mainland, and at the same time making the island stretch from the top to the bottom of the map. It will be noticed that the ample expanse of sea gives the cartographer space for the exercise of his nimble fancy by putting in various spirited incidents and engaging monsters. On the back of the map is a written description of "Man Island," a rough Gazetteer of the Island, and a "Chronicle of the Kings of Man," ending with the assigning of the Island to Sir John Stanley "and so to his heirs and successors who were honoured with the title of Earls of Derby."

they have destroyed many Assemblies of the Hugonites as they call them."

I have rather emphasised the descriptions on the back of the maps, because these are usually overlooked in spite of their uncommon charm ; if I possessed any I think I should go to the trouble of having the maps framed in such a way that the backs are visible when the map is turned round.

quite an important figure among cartographers—not nearly so great a man as Mercator or Mercator's friend and rival, Ortelius; nor is his work so fine as that of the Blaeu family and other seventeenth-century Dutchmen—but he is none the less of extraordinary interest to us, partly on account of his achievement as a maker of maps, and partly because of his engaging character as revealed by his writings.



## RADIANT TOURS

" Sunshine and blue skies ; farms and homesteads nestling among the mountains and hills ; orchards of peach and plum filling the valleys with blossom ; the perfume of orange groves ; the profusion of wild flowers ; the camp fire and the call of the wild in the Bushveld ; the quest of open roads trailing away to far horizons ; the sparkling air of the Highveld ; sun and sea bathing on golden beaches ; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and a splendid feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa are luring me back there."

These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send you our booklet "Radiant Tours"—the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa? Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2 or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

**Buy Big Motor Cars.** In Great Britain the motor-dealer is apt to concentrate on selling small cars instead of larger ones, because he thinks their low price gives a wider market. Once the motoring public in possession of Parliamentary votes can exercise sufficient pressure to wipe out the horse-power tax, larger cars will be bought by everybody who can afford to pay the fuel bill. Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, the managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., stated recently that the increase in the popularity of small cars has not meant any falling off in the sale of the big car. The market for the luxury car between £2000 and £3000 is expanding in the export trade. As a matter of fact, every sensible motorist prefers to ride in a large carriage, as the road shocks are better absorbed, journeys are less fatiguing, and the power unit and mechanism generally are never being so severely stressed as with the small cars. The latter are mostly over-driven by their owners, while the former roll along the highways with the engine turning over at comparatively low revolutions per minute, with ample margin in reserve for emergencies.

While on this subject I take the opportunity of answering a correspondent who queries the truth of the statement, advertised in various journals, that every fourth new car registered in Great Britain during the past twelve months to the end of September was an Austin. I know that one of their directors informed me that they had sold roughly 48,000 cars then, and, as the total number of new cars registered in the United Kingdom was 141,392 for the twelve months ending September, I see no reason to doubt the above statement. It must be remembered, however, that Austin cars give a wide range from 8 h.p. to 24 h.p., with five ratings between these limits. These are the Baby Austin "Seven," of 8-h.p. tax rating; the "Twelve," of 13-h.p., both with four-cylinder engines; the "Twelve-Six," of 14-h.p.; the "Sixteen," of 16-h.p.; and the "Twenty" Austin of 24-h.p. rating—all with six-cylinder motors.

Before 1915 automobile engineers were of the opinion that no car should be fitted with an engine whose cylinders were less than 90 mm. in diameter. To-day, excepting two or three high-class luxury carriages, no English cars have cylinders of that dimension. Fashion, aided by the horse-power tax, has changed their minds in favour of small-bore motors. Meanwhile we are trying to gain a bigger share

of the export trade, and it is the firm belief of many well-known engineers that the larger type of engine is needed to procure for this country the position to which its excellent designs entitle it in that field. Multi-cylinder motors have reduced the bore, but the argument is put forward that this has been overdone to our detriment for a world-wide business.

**Daimler Transmission Explained Simply.** In a paper read recently before the Institution of Automobile Engineers, Mr. L. H. Pomeroy explained the Daimler transmission system. This, as is fairly well known, consists of an epicyclic Wilson self-changing gear-box and a hydraulic clutch, or "fluid fly-wheel." The path of the thin oil used in the fly-wheel may be regarded, said Mr. Pomeroy, as following the stripes on a barber's pole of about 4 in. in diameter, bent into a ring of about 10 in. mean diameter, the ring rotating like a Catherine wheel. The action of the fly-wheel depends upon the kinetic energy of the fluid, not upon any viscous drag. No torque is lost. Also the mechanical efficiency of an epicyclic gear-box stands out because it can use thin oil and has low tooth-pressure. The clutch design has a profound effect upon the mechanical reliability of the car from engine to axle, to say nothing of the comfort and safety of the passenger. It is, in fact, the safety valve. Those motorists who have driven with this transmission system will agree that it is a safety device in many respects, especially as, when installed, it is practically impossible to "stall" the engine accidentally. Further extensive experiments have shown that there is no measurable difference between the petrol consumption of vehicles fitted with the fluid fly-wheel and that of similar vehicles not so fitted.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE NELSON TOUCH," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THIS is a cruel world for the pure-living, right-thinking, hard-working man. On the stage, at least, he gets no credit; he is an Aunt Sally at whom playwrights hurl their brickbats. It is the scapegrace for whom they reserve all their bouquets. Richard Fayre, the hero of this not very amusing comedy, had done nothing with his life except draw remittances from relatives, make somewhat ambiguous love to his brother's wife, and roam in out-of-the-way corners of the world. Yet the author and

Mr. Francis Lister between them made him a charming fellow whose example was to be copied. Poor Lord Duncaster, however, who had won a position in the Cabinet as Secretary of State for the Middle East, is presented as a bore and a brainless politician. By one of those coincidences more frequent on the stage than in real life, Richard arrived home from the Sahara on the very afternoon that a deputation of Arabs arrived to discuss a treaty with his brother, Lord Duncaster. In the bazaars of the Middle East, Richard had picked up such scandal concerning the Arab sheikhs that he was able to blackmail them into signing a treaty very favourable to this country. Not a very convincing play, but Mr. Francis Lister was agreeably nonchalant as the scapegrace hero, and Mr. Malcolm Keen lent an air of dignity to the Arab chief.

### "CAN THE LEOPARD . . . ?" AT THE HAYMARKET.

It may be impossible for the leopard to change its spots, but it is always, or nearly always, possible for a wise man to avoid a leopard. Richard Bellfry did not; with his eyes wide open, he walked into the leopard's parlour. A tidy-minded man, an architect by profession and a maiden aunt by disposition, he chose the temperamentally unsuited Harriet Noble as a wife. Consequently, they spent a deal of their married life quarrelling. Harriet nearly eloped with an artist of the Chelsea school, but he, though less tidy-minded than Richard, was more sensible and refused to have anything to do with her. So Harriet left off as she had begun—a charming but inconsequential woman. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, on the first night, seemed a trifle uneasy in her part, and consequently inclined to overact. Mr. Ian Hunter gave a touch of charm to the rôle of the precise husband, while Miss Kay Hammond and Miss Kathleen Harrison gave very amusing performances.

### "WALK THIS WAY," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

If not a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere," it is certainly true that this revue would not make the hit it almost certainly will were it not for Miss Gracie Fields. In its rough-and-ready way, Mr. Archie Pitt's material is good enough, but better suited for provincial audiences than playgoers accustomed to the revues of Mr. Cochran and Mr. Charlton. Still, it is a relief to be low-brow on occasion. There is a charming and original ballet, "Hiding Behind a Fan," a jolly East-End scene (in which Miss Gracie Fields, without any sense of incongruity, sings "Lights

[Continued overleaf.]



## THE WORLD'S VIEW

Over the naked shoulder of a granite kopje in Matabeleland runs a track worn smooth by the countless feet of Empire pilgrims. In the shade of these boulders Mr. Rhodes was wont to look North and dream of Empire, and so great is the force of an idea, that in less than thirty years the Matopo Hills have become synonymous with "The World's View." The Victoria Falls, a world wonder of another kind, are within a day's journey, and not far off the ruins of Great Zimbabwe stand inscrutable in the golden sunshine of Rhodesia.

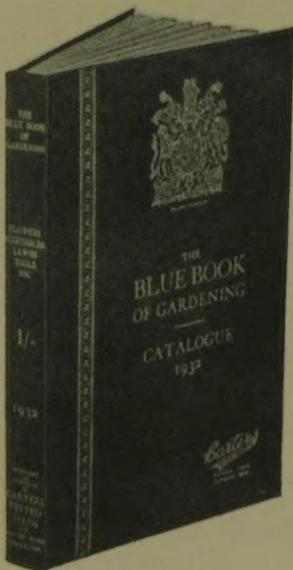
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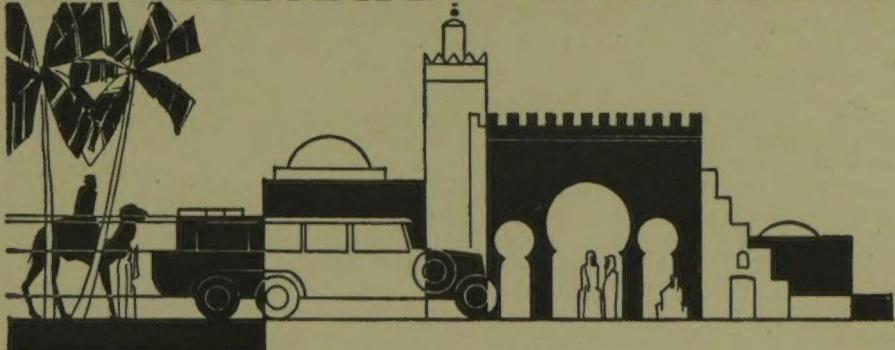
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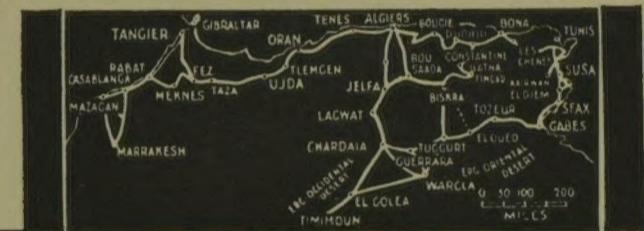
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of Paris"), and a number of sketches that, while not notable for their wit or originality, are funny enough in their slapstick way. There are a couple of very good comedians in Mr. Douglas Wakefield and Mr. Billy Nelson, and Mr. Chuck O'Neil lends able assistance, as well as scoring in a toe dance. But it is Miss Gracie Fields who will draw the audiences. All through she was at the top of her form.

#### "SHE PASSED THROUGH LORRAINE." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

This is a cleverish comedy, written with a certain slickness if no originality of thought, and, though it may win no great success, the obvious youth of the author will cause many to watch his future career with interest. If no "sedulous ape," he has obviously read his Bernard Shaw, and realised that comedies of mediæval times should be written in the language of the present day. Consequently, his characters speak in a slang that, though it may jar many, will delight more. A certain young lady—the period being 1436—some years after the death of the Maid of Orleans, tired of sewing samplers, runs away from home in search of adventure. Finding herself mistaken, for no very obvious reason, for St. Joan herself, she accepts the situation. But, as always, there are followers more zealous than their leaders, and The Girl hesitates at heading an armed procession to Paris. Miss Thea Holme was a delightful Joan, and Mr. James Dale gave a lively performance as Nicholas. Production and acting throughout were excellent.

#### "MAX AND MR. MAX." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Max (Mr. Nicholas Hannen) was a gloomy young man who lived all alone. His gloom was due to the fact that he was followed everywhere by his Conscience (Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith), who nagged him incessantly. Into this domicile burst a young married woman (Miss Kathleen O'Regan), demanding shelter for the night. Max gave up his room to her, and then, having read his Conscience to sleep with extracts from the financial columns of the *Times*, followed her there. Seeing that her husband (Mr. Edmund Gwenn) was occupying an attic in the same house, this situation promised some exciting happenings. But after this, mainly because the dialogue was dull and repetitious, the interest waned. Possibly in the original Spanish the play had a charm that the adapter failed to get into his translation. Mr. Clarke-Smith gave a

first-class performance as The Conscience, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn was excellent as the husband. But Miss O'Regan was much too restless as the young wife, and Mr. Nicholas Hannen completely missed the romantic side of Max's character. The reception was friendly, but there were no calls for the author.

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#### SOME NEW MUSIC.

At the last concert of contemporary music given by the B.B.C., there were new compositions by Patrick Hadley and Constant Lambert and an early work by Arthur Bliss, "Rout," which has not been heard for some time. Mr. Hadley is a son of the Master of Pembroke, and has studied at the Royal College of Music under Dr. Vaughan Williams. His new work, which is the first composition of his I have heard, is a setting of some verses by W. B. Yeats, and is entitled "Ephemeris." It was sung, rather inaudibly as far as the words were concerned, by Odette de Foras, and revealed a somewhat delicate talent. Mr. Lambert's songs to words by a Chinese poet, Li-Po, were less tentative in expression, but did not make any stronger an impression. Miss Odette de Foras would improve her admirable voice a great deal if she would take more pains over her articulation, which was so indistinct that from where I sat I could not hear a single word she sang.

Of quite different character was Mr. Lambert's strongly rhythmic Concerto for pianoforte and small orchestra, in which the solo part was ably played by Mr. Arthur Benjamin. This is technically more interesting than Mr. Lambert's previous work, and at a first hearing it keeps one's interest well sustained. Mr. Lambert seems to need a good deal of time to work up to his effects, as these are obtained chiefly by rhythmical and contrapuntal devices; but this is an intriguing composition, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon have a chance of becoming more familiar with it.

#### CAROLS AND PROFESSOR TOVEY.

The year ended with the usual outburst of carol singing by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, on the Saturday before Christmas. On the same afternoon, Professor Donald Tovey, from Edinburgh, was giving one of his rather rare pianoforte recitals at the Wigmore Hall. His playing is extraordinarily idiosyncratic; few musicians have such solid learning and such keen perception in many respects as he has, and perhaps it is because his intellectual interest overrides his instinct that his rhythm seems often so bizarre and capricious.

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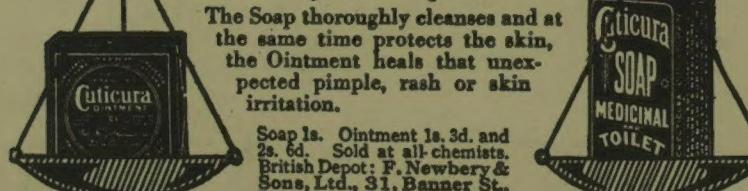
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